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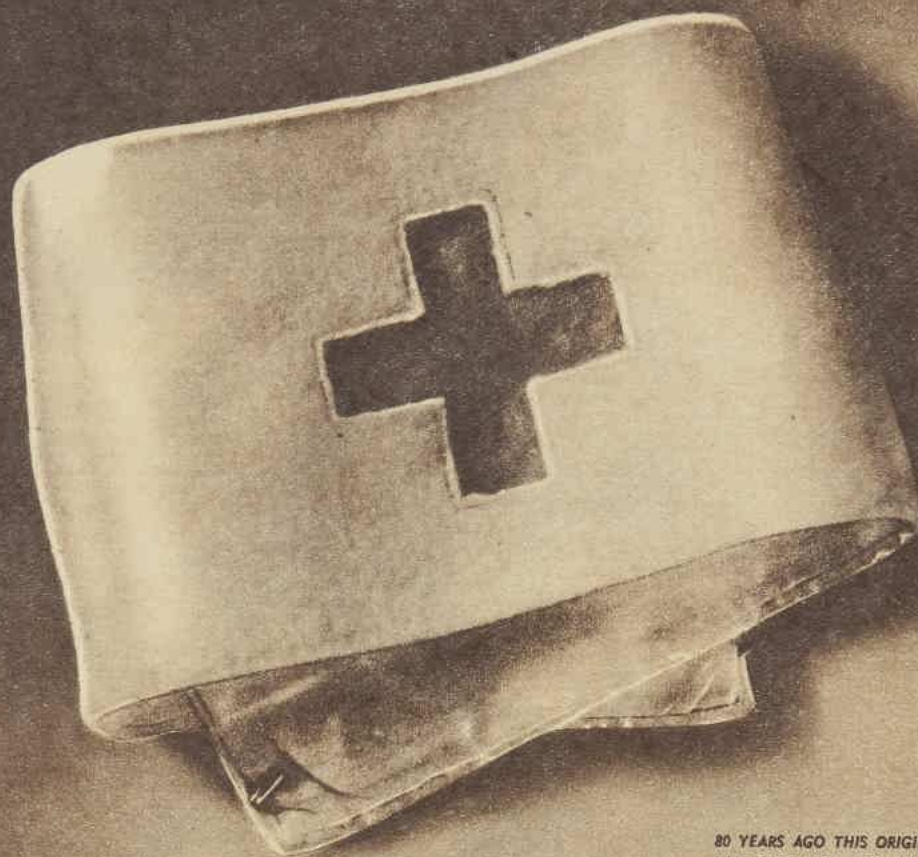
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Cavort With Me

By . . . NEILL
WILSON



ORESTES CALLUM, desert man, stuck his red beard out the cabin window and shouted, "You, Short-fuse! Leggo that!"

The mule dropped the half-chewed shirt and went back to nuzzling scrubby sagebrush and thrown-out ketchup bottles.

Will Holt, Rest's partner, stirred uneasily in his chair. "Grey shirt or yellow?" he asked.

"Decent grey, or I wouldn't have hollered."

"Tain't mine, then." Will favored loud shirts, just as he favored skimpy sleeveless undershirts and frisky short drawers. Rest preferred garments of more dignity.

Will went on reading his newspaper, one of a stack he had bought at a horse sale. Will had been devouring these old newspapers, one a day, in calendar order for a month now.

"Listen to this," he chortled now. "It's an ad. 'Cavort with Me! Come to Sunny Nevada. Shed Your Cares. Shed Your Woes. Shed Your Aches. Shed Your Clothes. Sunshine and Salvation for All!'"

"I've come for Will Holt," he kept mumbling, as the young people thronged about him.

"Well, well," said Rest. "What will they be claiming for our State next?"

Will read further: "Buy into This Co-operative Paradise and Be a Sun Son, a Sun Daughter! Why Be Bound by Outworn Customs and Senseless Traditions? Fling All to the Four Winds! Be Free! My Option Controls Three Thousand Sun-Drenched Acres in the Beautiful Burnt Hills Range. This Is a New Way of Life. Your Burdensome City Property or Insurance Annuities Taken in Exchange. Puissance Prouty, Box 301101, Los Angeles."

Will put the paper down. "Well, I'll be a—what does it call 'em?—a sun son. Such goings-on! Right in the Burnt Hills yonder."

"It's a dang big range of hills," Rest reminded him thankfully.

The whistle of the evening down-bound cattle-freight-and-passenger train, two miles across the gravel flat, reminded Rest that it was time to start cooking supper. Water was

low in the bucket. "One of us will have to go to Burnt Springs to-morrow."

"I'll go," said Will.

Rest turned in amazement.

"You been totting water more times than your fair share," averred Will. He looked genuinely solicitous. "It's time I took a turn."

"You all right?" asked Rest. He, too, was looking genuinely anxious.

However, next morning, Will's zeal for a sixteen-mile round trip had not dried up like most of his good resolutions. He caught the mule, slung the four empty watercans over the pack-saddle, and virtuously set off up the Slate Ridge Spur that led

on the distant tracks tooted Engineer Hunnaker's customary greeting. At the whistle, Rest stirred from his seat at the doorstep and went for supper firewood.

There was no sign of Will approaching from the distance, and presently Rest ate his share of the supper, dry mouthed and wondering whatever was keeping Will.

By eight o'clock, as well as he could guess the hour, Rest was worried. By nine, after he had stood outside and yawned himself hoarse, a brave jangling of watercans and scrabbling of hoofs announced the arrival of Shortfuse. Rest unlashed the cans, drank deep, and turned the beat out to forage. But still no Will appeared.

Rest hollered, even using his partner's full name, which seldom happened: "Wilmont Holt! You Wilmont!" By ten o'clock Rest gave up, and by eleven he turned in.

Morning still brought no sign of Will. Rest mouthed a tasteless breakfast and started up the grade to hunt for him.

Once, when Rest had lain for days out in the baked hills with a broken leg, Will had searched tirelessly without food or water until he found him and carried him back to safety. Now Rest's heart could have burst. Will was maybe lying out somewhere, most likely fanged by a rattlesnake.

At this moment Rest, as he strode up the trail, would gladly have given—well, not an arm, maybe, but anyway a finger, for Will's sound return. He and Will had lived with each other and fought and argued with each other so long that, like a long-wedded man and wife, they were two old cronies.

It was a stiff eight-mile journey, all uphill, to the life-giving spot in the Burnt Hills where some miraculous rod had struck the sterile rock and made it gush. Rest dropped to his stomach, drank, rose to hands and knees, and once more yawned. "Wilmont!" Only echoes answered. But presently his eyes saw the very mould of a human foot. It was a half-chewed sock.

"What in hexumbobulation?" wondered Rest. Half a dozen rods beyond lay the chewed sleeve of a once-yellow check shirt. Another quarter mile he picked up the rest of the shirt, and then a sleeveless undershirt, and then a pair of jeans, one leg amputated.

Deeply worried and mystified, Rest followed from one article to another until he knew for sure where he was bound. There was a mile-high flower-filled valley up yonder, a valley swung like a hammock between two peaks, that he had once stumbled on while chasing the mule. It was a garden lifted straight from Eden, watered by a tinkling fall, shaded by aspens and mountain mahogany, and floored with wild-flowers.

What unaccountable motive had drawn Will Holt thither now, and what horrible tragedy had befallen him and scattered his duds? A mountain lion's work? Then somewhere there'd be part of the man about. But there was no mountain lion's track, though many a mule's.

And here, one and one, were Will's shoes, and here, with its sweatband eaten out, his hat. Every item that Will wore, except the drawers Rest called dinkies, was accounted for. But still no Will. And here, at the entrance to the mile-high vale, was a brand-new fence.

A totally unexpected seven-foot barb-wire fence slanted hostilely outward at the top. Stapled with big staples to green lumber posts, freshly set. Every tenth post placarded:

WARNING! KEEP OUT! TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT!

Utterly mystified now, Rest stood before the barricade. He peered between its strands. At a long distance he saw a Spanish-looking house with awnings, a row of umbrellas, and people who seemed to be disporting.

to the far Burnt Hills.

Orestes, not wholly believing until he saw, watched man and beast strike up the trail. Will should reach Burnt Springs in three-four hours and, allowing for a lengthy midday lay-around, should be back by dusk.

Rest wiped the breakfast dishes off with sand, thumped them on the doorstep, rinsed them with the last of the water, and went to his dutiful two-hour stint in the mine tunnel that provided their living.

Nine hours later, the evening train

Please turn to page 17

NO WIND OF BLAME

By Georgette Heyer

INSPECTOR HEMINGWAY, of Scotland Yard, has just taken over investigation of the murder of WALLY CARTER, who was shot dead on his way to visit HAROLD WHITE at Greystanes Down House, part of the large Greystanes estate owned by Wally's widow, wealthy ex-actress ERMYNTRUDE CARTER.

Other members of the Greystanes household are VICKY FANSHAW, Ermyntitude's daughter by a former marriage; and MARY CLIFFE, Wally's ward. Involved in the case are Russian prince ALEXIS VARASASHVILI, a week-end guest at Greystanes; and ROBERT STEEL, a farmer known to be in love with Ermyntitude, and antagonistic to Wally; while HUGH DERING and DR. MAURICE CHESTER are frequent visitors at Greystanes.

After receiving details of the case from the local inspector and police, Inspector Hemingway proceeds to check the alibi of the Prince, who, at the time of the murder, had driven in Vicky's car to visit Dr. Chester.

Now read on:

THE inquiries made by Inspector Hemingway in Stilhurst village were fruitless. The only person who seemed to have seen Vicky's sports car draw up outside the doctor's house had such hazy ideas of the time that Hemingway gave him up in disgust. He was about to get into the police car again when the constable nodded towards a car which had drawn up outside the post office.

"That's the doctor," he said.

Hemingway did not follow Chester into the post office, which was also the grocery, but waited by his car until he returned to it. When he presently made himself known to

Chester, the doctor showed no surprise, but merely asked in what way he could be of use.

"Well, sir, I'm checking up on certain times," Hemingway explained. "If you can tell me when you got back to your house on Sunday afternoon, it might help me a lot."

"I'm sorry, I don't think I can. It was some time after five—possibly nearly half-past five, for I was kept longer than I had foreseen."

"Thank you," said the inspector, with a comical look that drew a smile from Chester.

"I'm really very sorry. Hullo, Hugh!"

The inspector turned, as Hugh Dering came strolling across the street. Dr. Chester said: "You seem to have constituted yourself legal adviser up at Greystanes, so perhaps you'd like to be introduced to Inspector Hemingway, from Scotland Yard. This is Mr. Dering, Inspector."

The inspector had an excellent memory, and he said at once: "Are you the gentleman who arrived at Greystanes shortly after the murder?"

"Me," said Hugh cheerfully. "Don't ask me if I'm sure I didn't see a suspicious stranger, because I don't think I can bear it! Are you on your way to Greystanes now? Can I give you a lift? My car's just down the street."

"Well, that's very kind of you, sir. I'll be glad to go along with you. I'll just have a word with my sergeant, if you'll wait a minute."

Hugh nodded, and watched him walk over to the police car. "I hoped this wasn't going to happen," he remarked to the doctor.

"It was bound to," Chester replied. "The Scotland Yard man seems a decent chap, however. How are they at Greystanes?"



"I haven't been there to-day. They were all right last night. I suppose you've heard that one of the late Fanshawe's rifles was found in the shrubbery?"

"Yes, I'd heard, but I don't know that I set much store by it."

The inspector, having given his sergeant certain instructions, came walking back to them, and went off down the street with Hugh to where Hugh's car was parked.

"Nasty case, Inspector," said Hugh, opening the door for him.

"Oh, I don't know so much about that, sir!" Hemingway replied. "It's got some very classy features, besides showing me a bit of real high life. Foreign princes," he added, as Hugh looked a trifle mystified.

Hugh laughed, and got into the car beside him. "I hope you'll find him up to standard. Have you got a sense of humor?"

An intelligent eye was cocked at him. "Will I need one?"

"Absolutely essential. Your predecessor suffered from a total lack of it."

"I can see it's a fortunate thing I met you," said the inspector. "I'm not like some detectives—I'm grateful for a bit of help. Matter of fact, I came with you because there's something I shouldn't be at all surprised if you could put me right on."

"What is it?" asked Hugh, letting in his clutch.

"How do you pronounce this Prince's unnatural name?"

HUGH grinned appreciatively. "It's a privilege to know you, Inspector. Varasashvili."

The inspector sighed. "Wonderful what foreigners can get their tongues around, isn't it? Now, don't you drive too fast, sir, because I'm a very nervous man. Besides, it isn't often I get a free ride, and I'm enjoying myself."

"Also you want to take in the features of the countryside," said Hugh, slowing to a sedate pace.

"That's right, I do," replied the inspector. "Where would this road lead to, supposing we were to follow it?"

"To Kershaw, eventually. But we turn off to the right."

"I remember that. How long do you reckon it takes you to drive from Greystanes to Stilhurst?"

"Ten minutes, possibly a little less."

"You're very helpful," said the inspector. "Whereabouts is Oaklands Farm?"

"Towards Kershaw. Do you want me to take you there?"

"No, but it's put me in mind of another thing I want to ask you. They tell me you were at that shooting party at Greystanes on Saturday when Carter nearly got shot. What do you reckon were the rights of that?"

"Oh, are you on to that?" said Hugh. "I don't believe it has the least bearing on the case. Carter was just the sort of vague ass who would stray about and get himself shot."

"Is that so? Well, it's a wonder to me there aren't more accidents

at shoots. Where does that lane lead to?"

"A farm. It's a dead-end."

"Oh! Not much traffic down it?"

"None at all on a Sunday." Hugh cast him a flickering smile. "Quite safe to park a car there."

The inspector shook his head admiringly. "It's wonderful the way you read what's in my mind, sir."

The gates of the Dower House came into sight upon the left-hand side of the road, and beyond them the little hump-backed bridge over the stream. The lane curved away to the right, and the inspector inquired whether they were running beside the grounds of Greystanes. Hugh nodded, and presently pointed out the entrance to the garage.

Fifty yards on, he turned the car in at the main gate, and drove up the neat avenue to the front door.

"Well, here we are," Hugh said. He got out of the car, and was just about to ring the bell when Vicky came round the corner of the house.

"You can prepare yourself for the first shock, Inspector," he said. "Hullo, Vicky! Gone into half-mourning?"

Vicky, who was wearing a frock of white organdie with an artless sash of black velvet ribbon with immensely long ends, replied: "Oh, I think white is so suitable for a young girl, don't you? I began to feel like Anna Karenina, so I changed, because it was all very exhausting."

The inspector had climbed out of the car, and was regarding Vicky with frank approbation. Hugh said: "Let me introduce Inspector Hemingway, of Scotland Yard, Miss Fanshawe."

Please turn to page 19

When women talk 'Clothes'



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That Essential Ingredient

By HAROLD LAWLOR

At the end of an hour the quarrel was still going strong. Kim put in a word when he could, but it was really Nora's show and she was definitely carrying it, brown eyes snapping, dark curls bounding in her wrath.

"I don't care!" she was saying. "She's just trying to get you back again, but you're too stupid to see it!"

"Don't be silly," Kim said wearily. "Oh, is that so silly? How would you like it if I'd been engaged to someone else before I married you and your ex-fiancee—no, I mean my husband—Oh, I don't know what I mean."

Kim drew her close. "Listen, Nora. I've told you how it was." Maddeningly, he began to explain it all over again—as if, Nora thought angrily, repetition was going to make it any better! "Claire's on this lecture tour and due to put in one night here. But the hotel's full. So when she rang to see if I could get her a room anywhere, what more natural than that I should ask her to spend the night here?"

"What, indeed?" Nora retorted. "Did I marry you to be tripping over ex-fiancees cluttering up my living-room?"

"Ah, darling, don't talk like that. Claire's a good scout. You'll like her."

"I'm sure I will! The very idea—"

"Well, maybe I shouldn't have asked her," Kim looked haggard. "But it's done now, so why get into a towering rage?"

"I am not in a towering rage!" cried Nora, in a towering rage.

"Well, are you going with me to meet her, or aren't you?" shouted Kim, exasperated at last.

"I certainly am! I wouldn't stay away and have her think I'm jealous!"

"Well, come on, then! And for heaven's sake let's have peace for a while!"

Pence! Nora thought rebelliously in the car. If that wasn't just like Kim. Start something, and then act as if it were all her fault.

Well, maybe she was behaving badly, but she was really frightened. That ex-fiancee of Kim's! Claire Carson, the writer. Glamorous, talented, famous.

It would be different if he and Claire had parted hating each other. But they hadn't. They'd separated amicably enough. As Kim had said, "I just got tired of being engaged to a press bureau."

But, of course, Claire hadn't tired of him. She was still in love with him, Nora had long since concluded. How could Claire help it? Kim was so wonderful.

Nora sighed, and stole a sideways look at Kim, sitting there so aloofly behind the wheel, his eyes on the road. He was no help at all. She longed to tell him just how she felt about Claire. But, of course, she couldn't. He'd just think she was jealous.

"And I am," Nora thought honestly, miserably. "It's going to be terrible."

It was even worse than she'd feared from the first, when Claire stepped from the train, turning her head right, left, centre, smiling automatically while cameras clicked, serenely confident that she was photogenic from any angle.

She wasn't exactly young, of course. She was older than Kim, Nora remembered. Thirty-five, probably. But she had that polished look of perfection that seems impossible of achievement by a younger woman.

"Oh!" Nora thought in involuntary tribute. "Oh, the hat!" And the clothes. They made her own seem dowdy and home-made. Nora's heart sank still farther, though she hadn't thought it could be possible.

Then Claire was upon them, slapping Kim's back in comradely fashion, crying, "It's the

boy!" in husky organ tones. "And this is Nora? Why, Kim! It's nothing but a tot! Hello, duck!"

In all the hubbub, Nora made an instant discovery. Claire was still in love with Kim. It was perfectly obvious. Nora felt a certain grisly satisfaction in this confirmation of her worst fear. Numbly she suffered herself to be embraced by Claire. Tot! She felt about five years old, with egg on her chin.

But she'd keep her mouth shut if it killed her. For now, at any rate. For just now, in front of all these people who had come down to the station to see Claire Carson.

Cameras were clicking again. Claire was signing autographs, right and left, quipping merrily the while. Kim was trying to juggle three pieces of luggage at once. They were all struggling to shove through to the car. Nora felt like the tail at the end of a kite. And when they reached the car, there was no opportunity to say anything.

For Claire was talking rapidly in a manner that seemed to be characteristic.

"... and McFarland said, 'So how about a book?' 'Good heavens, man! I said, 'and me with this lecture tour staring me in the face?' A book!" Scornfully. "Who do they think I am—the Iron Maiden? Not six hours sleep in a week, I swear it." She pulled out a compact and surveyed her lovely face gloomily. "The old face is taking a terrible beating."

"You look wonderful," Kim protested very convincingly. Nora realised despondently.

"You're positively blooming yourself, Kim," Claire was assuring him. "I think you're getting fat."

"What!" he cried indignantly. "Why, you're crazy!"

"And they say women are vain," Claire winked at Nora companionably. "Well, and so this is Nora. And does the brute beat you often?"

"I never have to raise my voice," Kim said smugly.

Nora made a terrible effort. "Listen to him!" she said, dimpling.

It was the flippancy of utter despair. You get like this, she told herself, when you just can't take any more, when the future never looked blacker. You laughed because you must not cry.

She must have been successful, for the others seemed to notice nothing amiss.

When they reached home and Claire was settled in the spare room, Nora went to their own bedroom to find Kim surveying himself in the mirror of her dressing-table.

"Fat, my eye!" he said absently as she came in. Evidently Claire's remark still rankled. He slapped himself resoundingly amidstships. "Look at that! Flat as a flounder."

He must care for Claire, Nora thought, or he wouldn't take her words so to heart. But she only said, through discouragement, "Claire's nice, I like her."

"Hah! What did I tell you?" He looked so smug that Nora longed to brain him.

There was to be a luncheon for Claire at the Press Club before she gave her talk that afternoon, and a dinner dance in the evening.

Kim left to get petrol for the car. He'd taken the whole day off, which was another reason why Nora was angry. Would he take a day off last week when she wanted to go swimming? Oh, no! The firm would collapse without him!

She was dressing when the telephone rang. Claire was still in her room, evidently taking the short nap she'd said she needed. "... at my age," she'd said, with a wink for Nora.

It was Mr. Higgins, manager of the Royal Hotel, calling to check their address sent him by Miss Carson for forwarding of messages. But this was only the ostensible reason for the call. Mr. Higgins, it transpired, was most distressed. Miss Carson's cancellation of her reservation implied no criticism of the suite offered her, Mr. Higgins sincerely hoped?

But Claire had told Kim she couldn't get a room.

It took Nora a moment to recover. "Why—why no. It's just that we are old friends of hers, and when we learned she was coming we invited her here."

Relief, delight, gratitude on the part of Mr. Higgins. Nora hung up in the middle of it. Slowly she went back to her room and sat down at her dressing-table.

"Was that for me?"

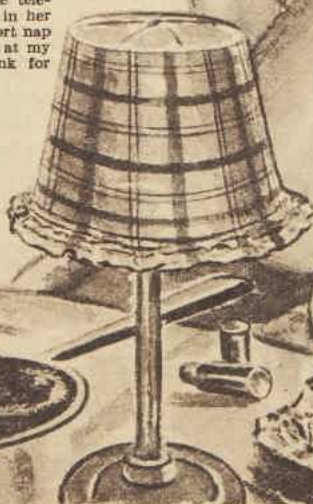
Nora turned. Claire was standing just behind her. With well-assumed nonchalance, Nora began to brush her hair, casually replying, "It was the hotel wanting to know why you cancelled your reservation."

Claire was not at all embarrassed. "Caught red-handed, as us literary lights say," she drawled.

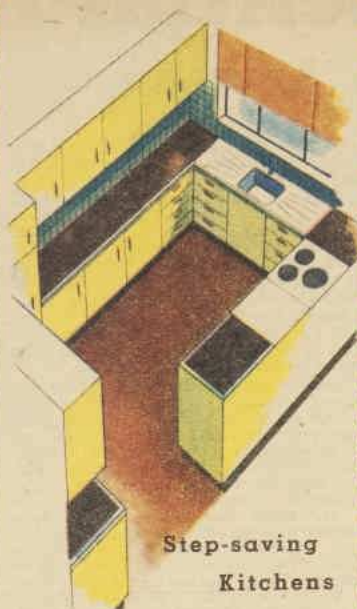
Nora said flatly, "You're in love with Kim. You want him back."

Please turn to page 28

"You are exactly the sort of wife I knew Kim would pick," Claire said, looking down at Nora.



All are better
in

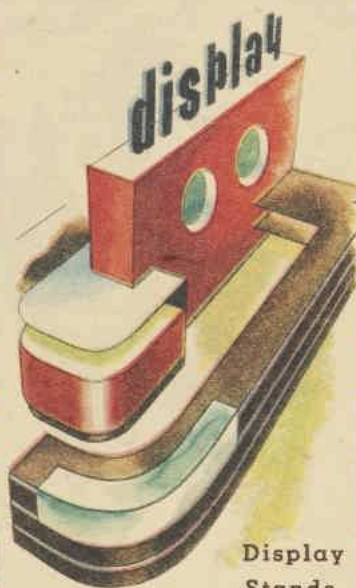
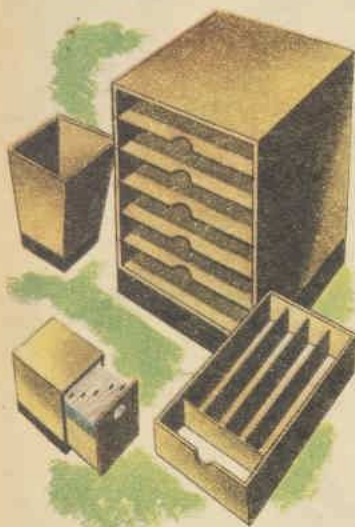


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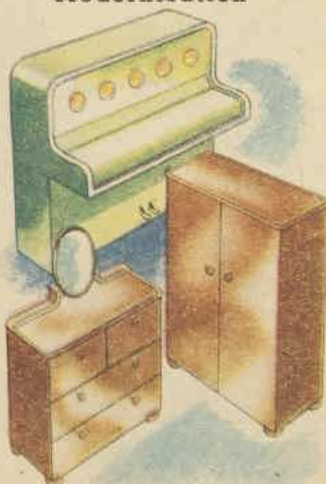


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WOMEN ARE FUNNY

By BARBARA JONES



candles on the mantelpiece or rustling guests waiting in the living-room.

Beth had worn a dove-grey suit, instead of a wedding dress, with his corsage of pink roses pinned to her shoulder, and the minister had been in a hurry so that Beth, who was almost crying, had got stuck on some of the "I do's."

He hadn't seemed to notice. No time for sentiment, his attitude had indicated. I'm a busy man, so let's get on with this.

Was that why Beth had given in to Jill at the last minute?

All right, she had said. You are old enough to marry anyone you choose. If you insist on marrying Rex, regardless of what I think, then you may as well be married here in the house . . . properly . . . instead of running away. Only, remember, it's your decision. Afterward, don't come to me with any of your troubles!

This from Beth, gentle Beth, who had always said spoiling children was the best way to bring them up, because it was better to let them know they were loved than anything else.

After Jill had run from the room in a rush of angry tears, Charles had tried to remonstrate with his wife.

You know, Beth, you're acting the same way as your mother did. But Beth had set her soft mouth into a thin line and had refused to talk to him about it. Charles couldn't remember ever seeing her mouth in a thin line before. It made her look somehow like her mother, a tall, full-bodied woman who had been formidable in her bristling black taffeta dresses, her hair brushed into a pompadour so rigid it had looked like a crest of grey steel.

Marriage? Preposterous! she had said to Beth and him, and her mouth had drawn down into that same thin line . . .

Now Jill was plucking at the sleeve of his coat.

"There's the music. Oh, Dad, this is it!"

Charles tried to remember what foot they had agreed to start on at the rehearsal. Tentatively, he stuck out the right one. But Jill was still standing on the same spot; and Charles, turning to look at her, read panic in her dark eyes, in the trembling of her carefully lip-sticked mouth.

"Dad, wait a minute. You like him, don't you? You think he's right for me?" The unconscious appeal for approval.

In her voice Charles heard the echo of all the appeals through all the years. You think it's all right if I spend the night at Betty's . . . you think I'm old enough to wear high heels . . . you think I can stay out until after midnight, just this once? Only always before the appeal had been made to both of them, to Beth and him together. Now, for the first time, it was to be his decision alone.

He gathered Jill's hands into his own; they were cold and they fluttered gently against his big palms.

"Listen to me," he said. "Rex is a fine lad, so far as I've always heard. If you're not happy with him, then it will be partly your fault." He hesitated, because what he wanted to say next seemed almost disloyal to Beth.

"Don't worry about how your mother feels. Afterwards, when she sees that your marriage is working out, she'll come round."

He watched Jill smile brilliantly at him and wished that he could be as sure of how Beth would behave in the future as he had made Jill.

Then they started the long descent of the staircase. As they rounded the first curve, Charles could see the flame of his future son-in-law's hair burning brightly in front of the mantel which had been masked in ferns and white chrysanthemums.

Then the faces turned to look up at them, pinkish ovals all wearing the complacent expressions thought proper for a wedding.

Only Beth, he noticed, had not turned; she was still looking straight in front of her.

Then, at last, there was no time for Charles to think. He knew only that, beside him, Jill was carrying her dark head proudly, and that her eyes were fastened to Rex's face, a chain from her to him that gradually pulled them closer to the altar.

It wasn't until after the reception and after Charles had driven Jill and Rex to the station that he permitted himself to dwell on Beth again. Now, driving home, he wondered what she would be doing in the empty house littered with the debris of a wedding she had not wanted . . . or approved. Something tender moved inside him.

He had planned, when he walked in the front door, to be noisy and jovial . . . and natural. Faced with the living-room, the chrysanthemums drooping already against the fireplace, the rugs littered with flower petals and crumbs, he felt suddenly hushed, as at the aftermath of a funeral.

"Beth!" he called, and his voice, to him, sounded lonely. He wondered where she was.

He searched for her . . . in the library, in the dining-room, and then finally in the kitchen, where he found her, by the table, staring through a mist of tears at the array of crockery and glass in front of her.

Charles put his hand on her shoulder and tried to think of something to say. "Beth . . ."

She shook her head fiercely as if to indicate she didn't want to talk.

"Beth, it isn't as bad as you think. Rex is just starting, but that's nothing against him. Every couple has to start at the beginning, economically as well as every other way. We did it once. We were happy. Rex will make Jill happy."

"Of course he'll make her happy." Beth turned to look at him with tear-red eyes.

Charles stared at his wife. She went on rapidly. "That was my wedding present to them. Happiness."

Charles reached for the other kitchen chair and sat down heavily. "Beth, for the first time since we were married . . . I don't understand it."

"I couldn't tell you before . . . you're so soft, you'd have told Jill straight away."

"There! There! Everything's going to be all right," Charles said soothingly.

"Stop patting me on the shoulder. I'm not a bit hysterical . . . only it has been a strain. All these weeks . . . pretending I didn't like Rex. Don't you see? Now Jill will have to make him happy . . . if only to prove to me how wrong I was about him. I know. I had to prove the same thing to my mother."

Charles was conscious that his mouth was still hanging open. He shut it abruptly, even while he continued to stare at his wife. For the first time in 23 years of married life, it occurred to him that women were, after all, exceedingly difficult to understand.

(Copyright)

"Every couple has to start at the beginning," he said softly.

into the present. No, not a firing squad. But something almost as bad.

Downstairs, in the front row, Beth was waiting for them to walk by, in measured time, to the strains of Mendelssohn. She was waiting with that queer set look on her face as if she had removed herself from all participation in the wedding long ago. Charles couldn't remember a time, since he and Beth had themselves been married, when Beth had felt so far away from him.

He looked quickly at his watch. The music should be starting any minute now. He and Beth had been married without music, he remembered, without Mendelssohn or white



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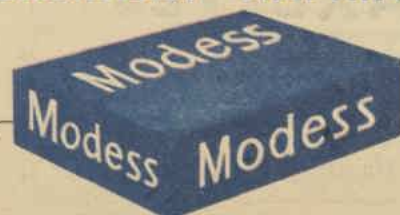
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French mannequins chosen for our parades



LYDIA LEPLAT, star mannequin of Germaine Lecomte, wearing a suit by Schiaparelli.

Lydia, Janine, Suzanne, Maggy thrilled about tour

By BETTY WILSON, radioed from Paris

The four French mannequins who will appear in The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Parades, opening in Sydney on August 4, have been selected in Paris by fashion adviser Mrs. Mary Hordern.

They are Lydia Leplat, Suzanne Combe, Maggy Sarragne, and Janine Lequievre, top-ranking mannequins.

IT would be difficult to find four more different people than the four mannequins whom Mrs. Mary Hordern has chosen to show Australian women the newest ideas in Parisian designs at The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades this spring.

Lydia is a platinum blonde; Maggy is a brunette; Janine has auburn-colored hair, and Suzanne is a light chestnut, whose hair develops golden streaks under the sun. But they have, perhaps, four things in common—they all have brown eyes, they don't speak a single word of English, they are all longing to see Australia, and—they are all chosen from the top-ranking mannequins of Paris.

Beautifully dressed, impeccably groomed, they are to be seen lunching at Maxim's or the Casanova, dancing at the Club des Champs-Élysées, or at the Ambassadeurs, at the races at Longchamps or Auteuil, or they may be sun-bathing at Juan-les-Pins, or Cannes, or Monte Carlo, or taking part in a car or plane rally to help the pilot or driver win the prize for the most elegant passenger and turn-out.

But all agree a mannequin's life isn't all dancing at the Club des Champs-Élysées or sun-bathing in the South of France.

Few mannequins, they told me, have a chance to eat more than a sandwich for lunch for a whole month before the four big annual dress collections begin.

Fittings for the lovely clothes they will wear start at 10 a.m., often go on until 10 at night. Hair-dos, facials, manicures have to be somehow fitted in between.

And on the afternoon or morning that the collection opens, they have to switch from day dresses to glamorous evening gowns in four-minute changes, yet somehow look cool,

composed, and without a hair out of place.

These girls are the pick of the Paris mannequins.

They can make a bathing suit look attractive when the clothes-conscious women who will buy them are shivering in winter furs.

In summer they can show velvets and fur-trimmed woools and still look a hundred per cent cooler than their audiences.

Lydia Leplat, in her middle twenties, is the oldest of the four.

Like the others, she has heard about Australia from the four mannequins who took part in The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Parades last year.

She is one of the loveliest mannequins in Paris.

AUSTRALIAN MANNEQUINS WANTED

As well as the four French mannequins who will fly to Australia, two Australian mannequins are to take part in the parades.

They will be selected through a Mannequin Contest conducted by the Sunday Telegraph and Daily Telegraph.

The two winners will be given a ten weeks' engagement at a salary well above the usual mannequin salary.

They will also be given, as a special prize, a copy of whichever French model gown they like best in the parades.

Full details of the contest are published in the Daily Telegraph.

MAGGY SARRAGNE, who showed Christian Dior's clothes in his first collection.

Her platinum-blond hair is usually swept up from her face and into a chignon on top of her head.

"I am not at all a sporting type—not like Suzanne," she told me. "But I love dancing."

She made her debut as mannequin with Elsa Schiaparelli.

Lydia, now a widow, was married when she was sixteen. She has a little daughter, called Joëtte, who lives in the country with her grandparents.

Joëtte, says, Lydia, is not at all like her mother.

"I think she is pretty—but then I am her mother," she says. "She has chestnut-colored hair, but I am afraid it is very, very straight."

Rides bicycle

MAGGY SARRAGNE is Lydia Leplat's great friend.

Former mannequin with the famous houses of Lucien Lelong, Robert Piguet, Jean Patou, and Carven. Maggy Sarragne was mannequin with the new house of Christian Dior when Mrs. Hordern saw her.

Tall, slim, and very dark, with enormous, long-lashed brown eyes, she wears Christian Dior's clothes superbly.

She has enormous elegance, likes best to wear Dior's robes de style—and wears them beautifully.

Like Lydia, she usually wears her hair brushed up from her face, and plaited into a chignon.

She never swims, never plays tennis, doesn't ride, but she sometimes keeps her appointments by bicycle, and she loves to dance.

Last week she was voted "ambassador" of the smartest club in Paris—the Club des Champs-Élysées.

Like Lydia, Maggy has worn glamorous dresses from the most famous Paris dress houses at all the smart French resorts.

Next week she is to go to Switzerland—to show dresses designed by the young designer, Carven.

Janine Laquievre has dark auburn hair, huge brown eyes, a wonderful gold-lan skin, and dimples.

She began her career as Paris



JANINE LE-QUIEVRE in a frock by Lanvin. Aged 22, she is youngest of the four mannequins.

adores to go sailing. She loves riding, and she loves clothes.

She wears some exquisite evening dresses—some of which have been chosen to go to Australia—in the current Lanvin collection.

Among them are examples of the new Lanvin line—"Tourbillon"—which were designed by the Countess de Polignac, daughter of the celebrated Jeanne Lanvin, who died last year.

Janine is the only mannequin who has a husband. He is a member of a Paris export company.

Suzanne Combe, who, like Maggy, is just twenty-three, is the only mannequin who was not born in Paris.

Good swimmer

BORN at Nice, in the South of France, where her parents still live, she was given swimming lessons when she was five years old.

She is a champion swimmer and diver and a first-class tennis player.

Blonde, with sun-streaked hair, which she wears shoulder length, and brown eyes, she is at her best in "young" dresses.

She began her career as a mannequin at eighteen with the house of Jeanne Lafaurie, and she is their star mannequin to-day.

She tans beautifully, and she told me she would give up all the South of France for an opportunity of sun-bathing on Australian beaches and of surfing—which Suzanne, expert swimmer though she is, has never done.

Here are the measurements of the mannequins.

Lydia Leplat: Height, 5ft. 7in.; waist, 23in.; bust, 35in.; hips, 37in.

Suzanne Combe: Height, 5ft. 6in.; waist, 23in.; bust, 36in.; hips, 36in.

Janine Laquievre: Height, 5ft. 7in.; waist, 21in.; bust, 24in.; hips, 38in.

Maggy Sarragne: Height, 5ft. 6in.; waist, 23in.; bust, 34in.; hips, 36in.

The Fashion Parades will be inaugurated in Sydney with a grand ball at the Trocadero on August 4.

They will open next day in the Empress Ballroom at Mark Foy's for a fortnight with two sessions daily.



SUZANNE COMBE wearing a Jeanne Lafaurie evening frock.

mannequin with the famous house of Jeanne Lanvin, and she is still their star mannequin.

"I am enchanted to be going to Australia," she said. "Quickly, lend me a pencil. What sort of clothes will I need?"

Besides the South of France and Switzerland, she has travelled widely in French North Africa.

She swims, she dances, and she

FOILING THE LISTENER-IN

A NEW gadget is to be installed in outback telephones to take the "party" out of party-line conversations.

Described in the Senate by the Postmaster-General, the gadget is actually a miniature automatic exchange to serve ten subscribers. It will be economical in wire, and is therefore expected to reduce rentals.

Most important, it gives no indication to other subscribers when someone makes a call.

It is possible to feel a certain wistfulness about the pending loss of so familiar a facet of Australian country life.

The countrywoman may spare a sigh for some loss of entertainment. There are times when the loneliness and boredom of outback life would tempt a saint into lifting the telephone receiver to share the exchanges of a couple of neighbors.

That, of course, would be a very secret sigh. Does anyone ever admit to "listening-in" of this kind?

But the outback housewife will rejoice when she thinks how often she has been bursting with news or comment and didn't dare impart it to her dearest friend because of the party-line hazard to privacy.

Seriously, this innovation will be a valuable addition to the amenities of country life, and any such amenity is important to the welfare of the nation as a whole.

For many years, wise observers have been concerned about the drift to the cities.

Sons and daughters of the farming community, tired of the drought and discouragements among which they grew up, seek the easier life and more certain rewards of city industry.

Yet Australia's prosperity still rests largely on her primary products, and the farmers are still among her most important workers.

The powers that be should keep on thinking up gadgets as boons for the bush.



MIDNIGHT mannequin parades are being presented in British factories to induce women to work night shifts. Sprod thinks that ballets would cheer the midnight hours for the men.

It seems to me...

MOST terrifying cable I have ever read:

"New York—thirty-three diseases, possibly useful in bacteriological war," are described in a report in a scientific journal published in the United States.

The report says that airborne infections which people catch by breathing are the greatest menaces.

Most effective is a type of tularemia (rabbit-fever) that spreads in the air and causes pneumonia. Also included are pneumonic plague and melioidosis, which attack the lungs.

Other "useful" diseases are psittacosis, yellow fever, anthrax, and undulant fever.

The report adds that chemical fogs can be used to enable infections to seep indoors.

Scientists who worked on biological warfare during the war prepared the report for public information with permission from the War Department.

Following this and other official releases of scientific horror stories on the shape of wars to come, President Truman has announced his desire to establish a health insurance scheme in the United States to prevent "perpetuating unnecessary misery and human suffering."

New York newspapers were amazed that the President should have brought up this question in the declining period of a "Congress already tangled in many difficult and more immediate major issues."

They're telling the world... IT DOES seem a waste of time.

ENGLISH is a much more sprightly language than most Britons suspect.

Americans have done their share in demonstrating this. But Indian newspapers and magazines published in English reach new heights.

"Forum," a weekly news magazine, gives an account of the Bombay American Women's Club activities in a recent number.

"The help (of the club) has been substantial to the socio-economic betterment of the masses," runs the piece, but "lofty plans hatched in ambitious bosoms of the club members will be slowed down if donors are not warm-hearted!"

Describing a dance at the famous Taj Mahal Hotel the guests are listed thus:

"Typical American businessmen with their American beauty queens, Indians representing the cream of the society, Press photographers, and other buxom English and French persons."

If I could write Hindustani or Urdu as well as that I would be very proud.

DEEP mystery surrounds the composition of the "cooking fat" which is weighed out by the ounce in the British ration.

A London correspondent says that a serious question was addressed to the Minister of Food, Mr. Strachey, in Parliament, on the subject.

He was asked "What does the standard cooking fat consist of? Was the Minister aware that it had a tendency to turn blue and explode when heated?"

The writer says the Minister replied seriously, and adds: "Most people think it would be a mistake to do anything about our cooking fat. In a drab sad world, who could ask more than to see blue fireworks every time they fry a bit of fish?"

More surprising than the impromptu pyrotechnic displays provided by a thoughtful Food Ministry is the British ability to crack even mild jokes on the food ration.

That the ration is really a long way past a joke is shown by the Home Office circular to police forces throughout Britain demanding action to check the killing of wild birds and the collection of their eggs. Some have been killed illegally for food.

By



JESSIE BOYD
Conducting this column while Dorothy Drain is on holidays.

THE stuff that dreams are made from is surprising material. You come across rather beautiful bits when you least expect to.

I was talking to a woman whose husband had farmed a small property on the fringe of the Mallee in Victoria. They had been battling against drought for about eighteen months.

She spoke of "getting away" and I thought she was remembering some of the joys of soft living—iced drinks, really cold meals, pretty gardens.

Not at all.
"I want to smell the bush again when it's wet," she said. "I'd like to go up the Darling to the Queensland border. It's real pretty up there. You ought to see the flowers!"

AND here's a different sort of dream. It's the sort of dream that lots of young mothers think of as another form of heaven—only more remote.

The "dreamer" is Mrs. L. Middleton, of Rozelle, N.S.W., who has reared three children, and now has five grandchildren. Her husband was a mechanic.

At the Australian Women's Charter Conference in Sydney Mrs. Middleton suggested: Government controlled laundries to free them of the most laborious task; loans which would be scaled down as the family increased; a housekeeping service for the family when mother was in hospital, and creches in every suburb.

It sounded possible until Miss Lucy Woodcock threw a spanner right through it.

Millions of pounds would be needed. She herself had worn Ministers' office carpets threadbare asking for reforms.

There was never any money.

"UNO over again," said Mrs. Jessie Street.

But an American survey recently estimated that 40 nations are spending £A8500 MILLION a year on armaments.

A TASMANIAN sub-branch of the R.S.L. has passed a resolution that the Australian R.S.L. Committee investigate the number of women on high salaries in Government positions which could be filled by returned servicemen.

I thought this type of sex prejudice went out with witch burning.

And any remnant that remained should have disappeared during the last two wars.

I don't believe men, generally, think that way—bless 'em all... or nearly all.

Any such investigation should include all high salaried positions, whether occupied by men or women.

A POINT that has always puzzled me

Is the curious price discrepancy

Between shirts (male), blouses (female),

Garments alike except for the tail.

A tail is denied to the female shirt.

Off causing a gap 'twixt it and the skirt,

But the tag on blouse in L.S.D.

Is twice what the price of a shirt would be.

Could we have this put on the list of rights

To be striven for in feminist fights?

Is the only solution to the ill

To marry a man who will pay the bill?

Interesting People



JACQUELINE BYRNE
... good plays

JACQUELINE BYRNE is the stage name of Jacqueline Pike, daughter of Agent-General for Queensland in London, Mr. L. H. Pike, and Mrs. Pike. She has embarked on a stage career, and is at present touring England with Ian Hay's new play, "Hartie Stowe." She studied acting at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and at Academy's public show, judged by stage personalities, producers, and film celebrities, was awarded the Lord Lurgan prize for diction.



MR. MURRAY TYRRELL
Governor-General's secretary

NEWLY appointed as the Governor-General's official secretary, 33-year-old Murray Tyrrell, tall, slim, fair, says: "I am looking forward to the job with interest, but regret leaving the Prime Minister." He has been Mr. Chifley's private secretary since 1943. Volunteered for A.I.F. and R.A.A.F., was rejected. Was in Munitions Dept. Has two children. Enjoys gardening, tennis, motoring, and fishing.



MISS DOROTHY WILLIAMS
... travel wise

TRAVEL and foreign service officer for UNRRA in the S.W. Pacific Area, Dorothy Williams was first member of staff in Sydney. Has issued 734 travel authorisations since January, 1945, involving, among other things, chartering half a dozen planes, including a Sky-master for two trips to Shanghai. She has dealt with over 1000 people, despatching them on their various ways, whether destination was Canberra, Cairo, or White Russia. Now she's leaving UNRRA is planning a trip herself, U.S. first stop.

Poor equipment hampers best research brains

Work in our laboratories held up by lack of money

By R. L. WORRALL

The Federal Government has announced an increase from £35,000 to £50,000 in each year of its three years' grant to the National Health and Medical Research Council; but even with this increase the amount spent in this country on research to prevent diseases is hopelessly inadequate.

Last year 65,000 invalid pensions cost the Federal Government over £5,000,000 and payments under the Sickness Benefits Act came to over £1,000,000 from July, 1945, to March of this year. Much of this sickness could have been prevented if more money had been granted for medical research and hygiene.

SUCCESSIVE Australian governments of all parties have long failed to realise that scientific research is not an academic luxury but a vital necessity for modern health and progress. Hence the disastrous lack of adequate financial support for the men and women who seek to reveal secrets of nature for the common good.

Lots of money is needed to buy essential laboratory equipment lacking in this country. Without expensive tools the modern scientist is seriously handicapped.

It needs only a few cases to illustrate what is happening generally.

One instrument whose possession would fill several research workers with delight is an electrophoresis apparatus of the Tiselius type, costing about £3000. With this instrument certain elusive chemical compounds can be separated electrically and so obtained in the pure state.

Magnificent prospects face those who can separate and isolate blood compounds in this way. Thirty-two American universities have this instrument which Australian universities are too poor to buy!

With it, Raymond Lyons, working in Sydney University's Department of Surgery, could complete his valuable experiments on the clotting of blood. Raymond Lyons has a test which indicates in advance whether a case following operation or confinement is liable to suffer the sometimes fatal internal clotting which is a bummer of surgeons and obstetricians.

£3000 needed

TO prove his case and establish his test Lyons needs a Tiselius-type electrophoresis apparatus. For this all he needs is £3000!

The same apparatus in Adelaide University would make Nancy Atkinson very happy in her work on the chemistry of germ life and the plant substances which prevent the growth of germs.

This keen and skilful research worker, who is in charge of the Department of Bacteriology in Adelaide University, is longing to speed up her work towards a big success with an electrophoresis apparatus. All she needs is £3000!

Professor Douglas Lee, head of Brisbane University's Physiology Department, has been doing important work on human adaptation to hot climates.

Obviously, this has a direct practical bearing on how to make the best of the climate of northern Australia, which is due for a mass influx of people who will feel the heat in trying to make a living.

Recently a cut was made in the financial grant which enables Professor Lee to carry on.

Australians' diet, clothing, and housing are in need of much modification in order to give greater energy, comfort, and efficiency.

More money—lots of it—should be pouring into Professor Lee's department, helping Australians to live more hygienically and happily.

Australian universities lack the refrigeration facilities which are necessary to cool and preserve the highly specialised and unstable ferments which chemists extract from living matter.

The great future advances of medical science will be made through experiments revealing what these ferments are, how they behave, and what diseases occur when their complex interaction is thrown out of gear.

Only those who possess proper re-

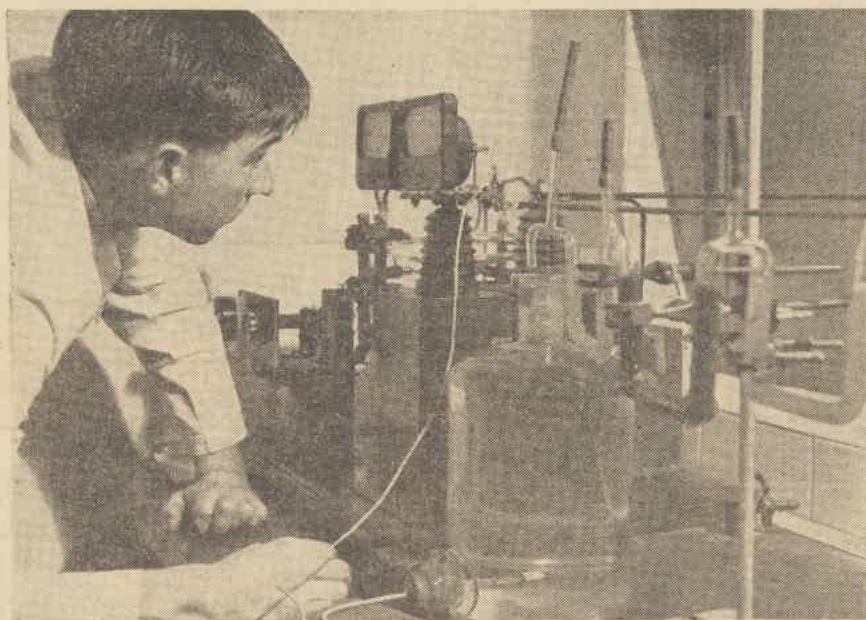
Research workers urgently need special apparatus

● Several Australian research workers are on the brink of important discoveries. They are handicapped, though, by lack of essential apparatus. An instrument which would give the greatest help to research workers in Sydney University and in Adelaide University is a Tiselius-type electrophoretic apparatus. Its cost is £3000. This apparatus could bring success to highly important work on the clotting of blood and on extracting anti-germ substances from plants.

An electrophoretic apparatus permits the separation from blood of the fibrin which is a perfect means of stopping bleeding in certain operations, especially those on the brain. It also allows the separation from blood of the particular proteins that give immunity to various diseases. Measles, which can cause deformities of an unborn child if contracted by the mother during the first few months of pregnancy, may be prevented with these precious immunity-conferring substances.

Haemophilia and post-operative thrombosis are two serious blood disorders whose investigation calls for the use of electrophoretic apparatus.

Also urgently needed in many hospitals are the electro-encephalograph, which is helping to solve the problem of epilepsy, and the mass spectrometer, which traces radioactive compounds injected into experimental animals.



STRUGGLING ALONG with this home-made electrophoretic apparatus, constructed by Mr. Raymond Lyons, of the Department of Surgery, Medical School, Sydney University, research workers in the department long for the Tiselius type of apparatus, which could be secured for only £3000.

frigeration, electrophoresis, and centrifuging apparatus will be able to find out these things.

Then there is the mass spectrometer, an instrument which tells how much of an injected radioactive compound has collected in a particular part of an experimental animal.

Dr. R. Lemberg, world-famous head of the Medical Research Institute of the Royal North Shore Hospital, urges Australia's vital need for this instrument, which is one of the newest and finest means of exploring the nature of living matter.

Still another instrument of tremendous importance (which most Australian hospitals lack) is the electro-encephalograph, which records the electrical rhythms of the human brain. Every well-equipped general hospital in the U.S.A. has this instrument, and with the help of it the difficult problem of epilepsy is slowly being solved.

The sooner such instruments arrive in this country, the sooner will Australian research workers be able to catch up with the rush of significant discoveries.

Money for assistants is also urgently required. In a couple of small rooms generously provided by St. Vincent's Hospital, Dr. P. B. Byrom, a senior research worker of high standing, is laboriously tracking down the causes of the high blood pressure that kills so many people. One part-time assistant who is busy with other medical duties is all the help Dr. Byrom can find!

More trained men and women, more money, more buildings and equipment are Australia's need for developing successful research work on an adequate scale for the sake of greater health and social progress.

For half a century, brilliant Australian scientific workers have been leaving this country and settling abroad, unable to find facilities for research in their native land. And now, with many more urgent problems to be solved, the shortage of laboratory workers has created a sorry situation, reaching a climax.

Last November, an official survey by the Research Committee of Sydney University reported that "many positions on both the permanent staff and research staff do not carry enough salary to attract suitable men to enter the University or to retain those who have entered it."

Women find it even harder than men to make the grade. Not yet has sex equality been attained in the scholastic world.

Busy with teaching duties, which have grown overwhelmingly, and burdened with clerical work owing to a lack of secretarial assistance, many professors and lecturers find it impossible to maintain a high level of university education.

Without sufficient opportunity for research, teachers tend to get into a groove of routine work that blunts their talents and bores their students.

Sydney University's Research Committee survey puts it this way: "Un-

less all University teachers have opportunity for engaging in original investigations, the teaching will become sterile and uninspired."

Dotted round the world—in many American cities, in London, Paris, Cambridge, Stockholm—research workers are using highly specialised methods, developing new ideas, making new discoveries that sometimes remain unpublished for some time.

To meet these men and women of science of other lands is more than a stimulating experience, it is essential for Australian investigators who wish to keep abreast of the times.

Yet few Australian research workers are able to travel and see what is being done abroad.

Travelling scholarships and grants are few and far between for Australian investigators who try to be up to date in scientific theory and practice. To make matters worse, we rarely see eminent foreign scientists invited here to lecture.

A foreign visitor was brought to Sydney at considerable expense to judge dogs at the last Royal Show, but visiting foreign experts on human diseases are mostly conspicuous by their absence.

In ludicrous fashion money is doled out to meet Australian research requirements. An Australian research worker lives a hand-to-mouth existence, since the money which keeps him or her going is almost always only a yearly grant.

No matter how important or hazardous the work, an Australian

scientific investigator rarely has any security of livelihood, and cannot establish firmly the continuity of work which serious science demands. For at the end of any year, the essential finance is liable to be withdrawn. More than one research worker has been left high and dry in this fashion.

The Universities, which are treated in the same way, receive only £80,000 a year from the Federal Government for the physical, biological, and medical sciences. Yet Sydney University reported last year its urgent need for £212,975 a year for research requirements alone.

It is now proposed to spend £160,000 on War Memorials. What better memorial to those who have died than a fund for medical research, devoted to the needs of those whose lives lie ahead?

An Australian doctor recently discovered that during the first few months of pregnancy, German measles (perhaps other diseases also) can cause serious damage to an unborn child. Development of this discovery, backed by an endowment fund, would be a fitting war memorial to the dead.

Wide open spaces

ONE outcome of the present stagnation policy for scientific work is an expanse of wide open spaces where solid research institutions should be standing. Many research investigations in Australia are holo-and-corner affairs, carried out bravely under heartbreaking conditions, in a few spare rooms of some university department or hospital.

Almost entirely absent are well equipped buildings where teams of scientists could carry out comprehensive programmes of planned research.

No particular Government party is especially to blame for this sorry situation. The trouble lies deeper in a common attitude of indifference towards science, especially of politicians and business men.

In the United States, many well-to-do people like to establish and support research institutions for all kinds of scientific work. The U.S.A. is outstripping most other countries in technical progress largely on account of this keenly sympathetic attitude towards the material needs of science.

But in Australia, only a handful of names represent this sympathetic attitude—Walter and Eliza Hall, George Bosch, Hugh Denison, Lucien Henry, the Kollings, Hugh Dixon, Phoebe Ferris, and a few others.

Fully alive to the social significance of science, the U.S. Government gives immense backing to schemes of scientific research, and so does the government of the U.S.S.R. The result is that these countries are surpassing all others in their rate of technical progress.

Australia, which once reached a high place among the nations as regards social and scientific attainments, is no longer keeping pace with progressive developments abroad.

MORE INVITATIONS!

I can't keep up with them now! But it wasn't always like this. One day I was having my hair done, when . . .



Each glass of Horlick's before bed gives you . . .

Protein — essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place, and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities is not made good.
Fat — almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and also of

vitamins A and D.
Carbohydrate — chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of great value to young children.
Mineral Salts — to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

**Made with milk.*

Calcium — of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and good teeth.
Vitamins A, B, B₂, and D — each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.



HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

She "shoots" babies every day

Photographer Constance Bannister is quite a pin-up girl herself

Airmailed by
GEORGE MCGANN
of our New York staff

America's leading photographer of babies, Miss Constance Bannister, whose magnificent series of "Baby-Puppy" pictures appears on pages 22 and 23, says babies are as expressive in mood as adults.

"Among even the tiniest tots you'll find the natural-born clown, the cynic, the budding tragedian, the ham actor, and the philosopher," claims Constance, who sells more pictures of babies to magazines and newspapers than any other photographer.

ATTRACTIVE, blonde, with an intriguing Southern drawl and a toothpaste-ad smile, Constance is quite a photogenic "baby" herself and is a favorite subject with American magazine editors.

Recently the crew of an aircraft-carrier in the Pacific, after seeing her photograph in a magazine, voted her their favorite pin-up girl.

She has also appeared in several Hollywood films, which demonstrated her amazing technique in persuading toddlers to pose gracefully and naturally before the camera.

At thirty Miss Bannister has built a lucrative career in the fiercely competitive field of commercial photography by combining a natural talent with a genuine affection for children.

In her charming studio apartment overlooking Central Park, New York, where she took time off from her crowded schedule to relax over a cup of tea, she told me that photographing babies calls for "a peck of patience."

"No equipment is necessary other than a feather, a rattle, or some simple toy. But you have to wait and wait until the child is ready 'or the shot—then snap it."

"I have photographed everything from Hollywood 'cheesecake' to battleships, but I feel at my best with kiddies," she said.

"Cheesecake" is a term used to describe conventional glamor photographs when the sitter is told to say "cheese" in order to display her smile.)

"To work with tots you have to be a combination diplomat, playmate, pantomimist, and fairy god-mother. It's a challenging job, but more fun than anything I've ever done."

Constance was a student at the New York School of Applied Design ten years ago, fresh from her native Tennessee, when a boy friend gave her an inexpensive box camera.

Her first few tentative snapshots of her sister's baby were so successful that Miss Bannister decided to make a career of photography—and babies.

She led me through her reception



room, where mothers waited with fretting youngsters for their turn before the camera.

"Some of my models," she explained, as we entered her large studio, cluttered with huge lights, scenic backdrops, baby high-chairs, toys, and a variety of cameras.

An assistant had already prepared a child for a color shot against a simulated nursery background.

Miss Bannister had difficulty getting the pose she wanted and the exact expression on the child's face. But a few minutes of acrobatics and weird facial expressions on her part brought an answering smile from the baby and Constance got her shot.

As she waited for the next scene to be prepared by her male assistant, Constance discussed the qualities she looked for in her models.

"I don't want beauty so much as personality, which the most beautiful babies frequently lack. Of course, the ideal is a combination of beauty and personality, but that is as rare in children as in grown-ups."

"However, most children are good models because they lack inhibitions. All you have to do is get them interested."

"I find that most babies over

six months are easy to photograph. They are best around nine months, when they are just beginning to get acquainted with people."

"I don't have to resort to rattles or tickle them with feathers to get them to pose. They are at the mimic age. All I have to do is talk to them, pout, raise an eyebrow, or scowl and they will usually imitate me."

Dressed in her working-clothes—close-fitting red sweater and blue slacks, set off by a cluster of daisies in her upwept hair—Miss Bannister talked eagerly of her newest project.

This is an original comic strip, started a year ago by Miss Bannister and now appearing in 50 U.S. newspapers, which uses photographs of babies in place of the traditional comic-strip drawings. A typical strip is published below.

She writes the captions for the strip in addition to selecting the baby models and photographing them.

"The strip appears twice a week now," she said.

"The newspapers want me to do a daily strip for them, but I simply haven't the time, because of my magazine and advertising commitments."

CONSTANCE BANNISTER, America's leading baby photographer, coaxes a model into the right mood in her New York studio.

"Besides, I have a new book to illustrate, another film to make in Hollywood, and I have an exciting idea for a novel."

The novel had nothing to do with babies, she added. It was "rather more like 'Forever Amber' without the sex."

In whatever leisure time she can snatch from her crowded professional career, Miss Bannister plays a slashing game of tennis, "preferably with men," enters exhibition ballroom dancing contests, and designs mad hats.

She was awarded a prize last Easter Sunday afternoon by the management of the Cafe Madisan for wearing the outstanding head-covering of anyone in the fashion-



OUT FOR THE DAY with her camera and some photogenic youngsters, Constance is completely happy. She has "a peck of patience" with kids.

able luncheon throng at that swank restaurant.

Miss Bannister feels very strongly about parents who spoil their kiddies.

"People who over-indulge their children make poor photographic subjects of them too," she said.

She has decided ideas on how to bring up children and she firmly intends to put them into action some day—when she gets time.

Thus far she has been too busy for romance. "Marriage is a full-time job that I am not ready for yet," she says.

See pictures on pages 22 and 23

CONSTANCE BANNISTER'S BABY STRIP

A SLIGHT BITE HURTS A NUMB GUM



Ha! Ha! Daddy has a new set of teeth.



And he says he can't bite anything.



Me, I only got two . . .



But I can bite myself every day.

UNBEARABLE RHEUMATIC PAINS ENDED

Remarkable Letters from Ex-Serviceman

In recent enthusiastic letters a N.S.W. ex-serviceman traces the development and successful treatment of a rheumatic condition which began in the Army, and which has now been relieved by the use of Lantigen 'C'.

Please read these documents. In their considered yet forthright statements of the facts about his case the writer leaves nothing untold. He gives a message of hope to every sufferer from Rheumatic conditions :

1st letter, 7/7/46.

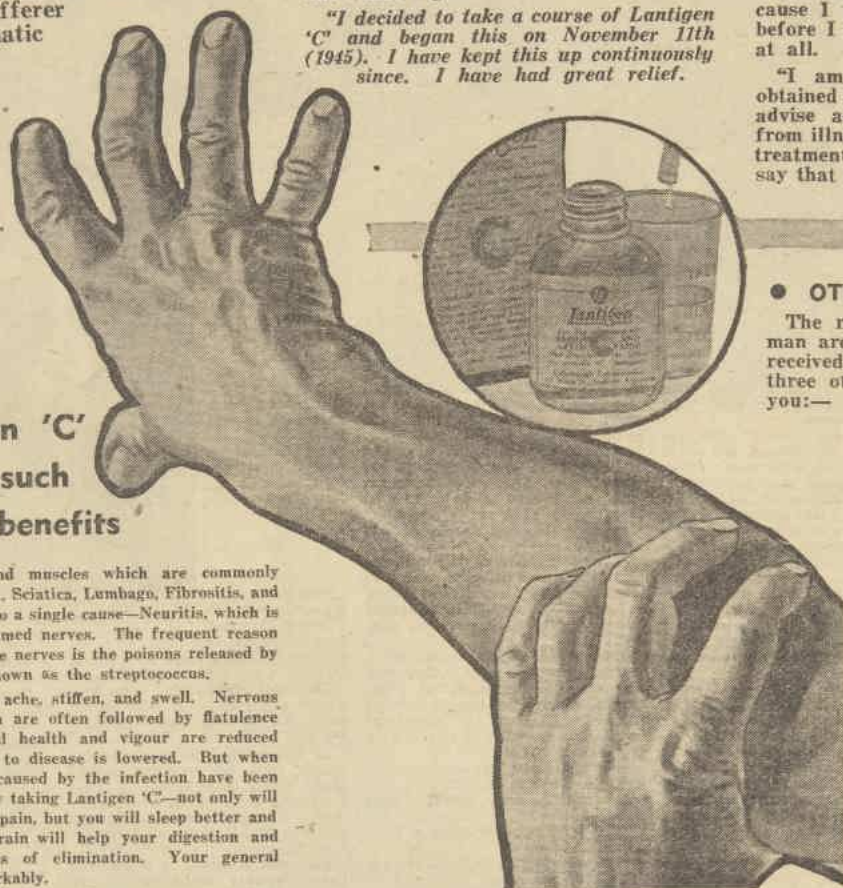
"I have been taking your Lantigen 'C' treatment for Muscular Rheumatism since November 11th, 1945, so far with great results. My trouble started early in 1944 when I was in the Army and stationed at Darwin. I did not take much notice, because it caused me little or no trouble and disappeared. By November of that year, however, it had become almost continuous, a feeling of pain and stiffness around the hips. Early in 1945 I came south and the further south the worse I got.

"I decided to take a course of Lantigen 'C' and began this on November 11th (1945). I have kept this up continuously since. I have had great relief.

10 months later, 12/4/47.

"I am very pleased to be able to say that I have now given up taking Lantigen 'C'. When I decided to take Lantigen 'C' for Muscular Rheumatism I did so as a last resort, the pain at the time being almost unbearable. I tried Lantigen, but fully admit that I believed I was just wasting my money. Anything, however useless, however, was preferable to doing nothing. Before starting your course I was determined to complete the course of 4 bottles, as you more or less advised. I was lucky in making this decision because I was well into the second bottle before I really began to feel any benefit at all.

"I am so pleased with the results obtained from Lantigen 'C', that I advise anyone whom I know suffering from illness for which there is a Lantigen treatment to try it. For myself I can say that I am very grateful to Lantigen."



Why Lantigen 'C' provides such remarkable benefits

The pains in joints and muscles which are commonly referred to as Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Fibrositis, and Spondylitis are often due to a single cause—Neuritis, which is the medical term for inflamed nerves. The frequent reason for the inflammation of the nerves is the poisons released by a certain type of germ known as the streptococcus.

The joints and muscles ache, stiffen, and swell. Nervous irritability and indigestion are often followed by flatulence and constipation. General health and vigour are reduced and the body's resistance to disease is lowered. But when the poisonous conditions caused by the infection have been treated—as they may be by taking Lantigen 'C'—not only will you benefit by relief from pain, but you will sleep better and the release from nerve strain will help your digestion and thus aid all the processes of elimination. Your general health will improve remarkably.

Lantigen 'C' provides these benefits by counteracting the germ attacks and neutralising the germ poisons. Lantigen 'C' does this because it is a dissolved oral vaccine which stimulates the production of anti-bodies in the system. These anti-bodies are the natural antidotes to the streptococcal germs and their poisons. The beneficial results of using Lantigen 'C', therefore, do not come from the use of any drugs or chemicals (to which the system might become accustomed), but by the stimulation of the natural forces of resistance against germ attack, which frequently produce immunity lasting for years.

BRITISH PHYSICIAN SAYS . . .

Writing in the "British Medical Journal," 15 Feb., '36, Dr. Cronin Lowe says: "In my experience the oral antigens" (or vaccines) "have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions, and catarrhal enterocolitis . . . Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

- Guaranteed not to harm the heart
- Does not interfere with any other treatments
- Taken by mouth—acts immediately
- Treats first—then immunises

IF YOU SUFFER FROM
RHEUMATISM • SCIATICA • LUMBAGO
NEURITIS • SPONDYLITIS • FIBROSITIS
ask your chemist for
LANTIGEN 'C'—the dissolved oral vaccine
—and start taking it today.

£1/1/- per bottle—the recommended treatment costs only 3½d. per day.

Lantigen 'C'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, 103 York St., Sydney.

59C.145

● OTHER REMARKABLE TESTIMONY

The reports stated above by the ex-serviceman are typical of hundreds which have been received in praise of Lantigen 'C'. Here are three others of the many which will interest you:—

Awful twisting pain from Neuritis relieved, reports Victorian user . . .

A Victorian user writes:—

"My arm was useless, and my hand was heavy and swollen, and I could not dress myself in the mornings. The pain eased off during the day. But at nights I could not stay in bed for the awful twisting pains. I tried all kinds of so-called cures and rubbings and then went to the Dr. I had three weeks' treatment and was no better, and so I decided to try LANTIGEN. I am pleased to say I am all right and have been for 2 months now. I was bad for months." E.A.

Grinding pain of Rheumatism relieved, says user from Sydney . . .

Mosman, N.S.W.

"I have suffered a great deal from Rheumatism. I got a bad attack in the night, my knee and ankle bones seemed as if they were being ground to powder, and I got no relief. Before I had finished the first bottle of Lantigen I felt better." H.K.

Bedridden from Fibrositis, now relieved, reports Melbourne lady . . .

"I was suffering severely from Fibrositis, in bed for 3 months, quite helpless and in terrible pain all over my body. I have always been a very healthy person, but I thought I was going to be an invalid for the rest of my life. A friend advised me to try Lantigen 'C'. I did, and after the 3rd bottle was finished I was able to do anything. I am so very thankful, and I cannot praise Lantigen 'C' too highly. At present I am 100 per cent." Mrs. A.D.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT days are ahead for Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians, and they should be confident and optimistic in undertaking new ventures.

Leopards and Arlans also benefit to some extent, but Sagittarians, Virgoans, and Pisceans should live quietly and avoid discord and worry.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Some fair days if you use them constructively. Best of these are June 4 (afternoon), 5 (to 4 p.m.), 8 (after 3 p.m.), and 10 (10 a.m. to 6 p.m.).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): June 6 (sunrise) fair, 7 good for minor projects, but be cautious on 8, 9, and 10 (before 8 p.m., or after 8 p.m.).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Good days are ahead for gains and promotions. June 3, 4, and 5 poor, but 7, 8 (except 4 p.m. to 8 p.m.), 9 (noon to 8 p.m.), and 10 (to 5 p.m.) all very good.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): June 3 (after midday) good, 5 (late) to 7 poor, so avoid upsets. June 8 (after 8 p.m.) and 10 (to 8 p.m.) both very fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Make good use of June 3 (after midday) for modest gains. June 4 (after dusk) poor, 5 (early) helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Live quietly now, for trouble is easy.



"Why can't you have your insomnia in the morning?"

to find, especially on June 3, 4, 5, 8, and 9. Keep to routine tasks.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Best good fortune diligently now, and plan changes. June 3, 8 (except 3 p.m. to 8 p.m.), 9 (to 7 p.m.), and 10 (after dusk) all very good.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Although June 3 (after midday), 7 and 10 (dusk) can be helpful, routine tasks are best now. Rest of week very poor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Beware upsets and opposition now. June 3 tricky, 4 and 5 adverse. June 8 (sunrise), 9, and 10 (early and late) all poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): June 3 (after midday), 5 (evening), 6 (after midday), and 7 can all be moderately helpful in minor affairs.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Fortune favors you now, so seek out promotions and gains. June 3 (after midday), 7, 8 (except 4 p.m. to 8 p.m.), 9 (noon to dusk), and 10 (to 7 p.m.) all very good.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Be wary now, for difficulties predominate, especially on June 3, 4, 6, and 9. Keep to routine tasks this week.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TRA: 17 to 22.
SUGAR: 29-34 (cumulative).
BUTTER: 15-21.
MEAT: Beef, 43-46 (47-49 available June 9); green, 49 and 51 (52, 55 available June 9).
CLOTHING: 237-115 (expire June 20, 1947). 1-56 current.



TO BE CONTINUED

What's on the cards for YOU?



FORTUNE TELLING MAY BE FUN . . .
BUT HERE'S A WAY TO MAKE A REAL CHECK
ON YOUR CHANCES OF PROSPERITY

Prosperity Quiz No. 3

HOW TO DO IT. Read the questions and decide how they apply to you. Then read the answers, and write your scores in the blank spaces beside the questions. Add up your total, and read off your self-analysis in the panel below.

QUESTIONS

1. Have you any real incentive to save?
2. Do you spend all your surplus money?
3. Do you buy everything you want, regardless of price?
4. What has happened to your Savings Bank Account in the last seven years?

SCORE

5. Can you live without luxuries?
6. What is the effect of careless spending?
7. Do you think it is your duty to save?
8. Do you know why experts agree that Commonwealth Bonds and Savings Certificates are your best investment?

SCORE

DON'T LOOK YET—HERE ARE THE ANSWERS!

TOTAL SCORE

1. Whether you're a bachelor, a spinster, or married and carrying family responsibilities, there are always good reasons for saving—such as the "rainy day," retirement, travel, career, home, marriage, educational plans, etc. and, most important, to help to secure the future prosperity of Australia. Score 10 if you're saving for a worthwhile objective. Score 0 if you don't save at all. Score 5 if you put money aside occasionally for no particular reason.
2. At to-day's high prices, it's easy to spend every penny of your income, and tempting to draw on those savings as well. Score 0 if you're a spendthrift. Score 10 if you are saving and investing your surplus money in Bonds and Savings Certificates. Score 5 if you're saving other ways.
3. For a prosperous future, you should buy only the things you really need, and at the fixed or regular prices. Avoid the black-

market. If your answer to this question is "no," score 10 . . . if "only sometimes," score 5 . . . if "yes," score 0.

4. If you have saved as much as you could safely spare, score 10. If you have saved a little, score 5. If you have saved nothing, score 0. If your balance has gone down because of careless spending, deduct 5 from your score. (Don't count withdrawals to buy Bonds and Savings Certificates—these are in your favour—score 10.)
5. Now is the time to save, and keep your money earning interest for you—safe from high prices and useless luxuries. If you're sensible, and are saving for better values later on, score 10. Score 0 if you can't live without spending on luxuries. Score 5 if you only occasionally indulge.
6. The more you spend, the more you encourage ruinous inflation,

the more you delay the return of full, efficient production, the more you foster blackmarkets. Score 10 if you're saving and thus helping to control prices. Score 0 if you're a spendthrift.

7. Inflation may occur when purchasing power exceeds supply of goods—as it does now! Government controls are doing their best, but you must help by controlling your own spending. Score 10 if you're being wise and saving; score 0 if you believe in a "free-for-all" with high prices and inflation.
8. Bonds and Savings Certificates give you these advantages: (1) They are absolutely safe; (2) they give a better return than bank interest; (3) they can be readily converted into cash for emergencies. Score 10 for three right, 6 for two right, 3 for one right.

YOUR SELF-ANALYSIS

A score of less than 50 shows that you have failed to realise the importance of saving now. You are a careless spender and are endangering your chance of future prosperity. You should overhaul your spending habits and start to save by buying Commonwealth Bonds and Savings Certificates regularly.

A score of 50 to 65. You're on the right track, but need a little more will-power. Keep on saving, and buy more Commonwealth Bonds and Savings Certificates . . . it's wise and profitable to make your money work for you.

A score of 66 to 80. You're making the best use of your money, you are shrewd and look ahead with an eye to better value. Your reward will be a secure and prosperous future. Keep up the good work by holding all your Bonds and Savings Certificates, by buying more of the new 5-year Savings Certificates regularly, and by subscribing in advance to the next Commonwealth Loan.

5 WAYS TO SECURE YOUR FUTURE—AND AUSTRALIA'S

1. Buy only what you really need. Spend wisely . . . get full value. Save all you can.
2. Pay no more than the fixed or regular prices. Always surrender coupons.
3. Don't waste money on black-market goods.
4. Pay your way. Settle your debts. Buy for cash.
5. Invest your savings, at better than bank interest, in Commonwealth Bonds, Savings Certificates and Stamps. Later on you'll have the money, plus the interest, to spend on better goods in plentiful supply at better values. Hold all the Bonds and Certificates you own.

Save for Security

BUY BONDS AND SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

UNDERSTANDING of a kind began to stir in Rest Callum. What was it Will had read in the Los Angeles newspaper? "Cavort With Me! Come to Sunny Nevada. Shed Your Cares. Shed Your Woes. Shed Your Aches. Shed Your Clothes. Be a Sun Son, a Sun Daughter!" Was this why Will Holt had been so ready to journey into these heights for water? "The old pick handle!" exclaimed Rest.

The more he put two and two together, the more furious he got. "Come off a-prancing! Made himself a sun son! Couldn't wait till he reached the fence, even, before he peeled out of his clothes. Yanked 'em off and fed 'em to the mule. He's cavorting there now. You Will Holt, when I get you out of there, I'll cavort you."

Studying the fence, he perceived where Will had pierced it. Two strands had been pulled and spread apart. Rest pondered, wrath superheating his mental processes. How should one creep up and capture Will? Would the sun sons close ranks and hold Rest off? Would the sun daughters clutch and detain their victim?

The thing to do was to scout round and stay invisible, or at least unnoticed, until he could grab Will and hustle him out, forcibly, if need be. But how stay unnoticed? Well, by looking as much like the others as possible. Rest recalled more of the advt. "Fling all to the Four Winds! Be Untrammelled! Be Free!"

He wouldn't fling everything to the four winds. Not he, who'd been raised properly. But for the sake of his partner, who surely by now needed saving from sunburn if not from Puissance Prouty's New Way of Life, he'd go as far as shucking his outer layers. That would make him kind of unnoticeable.

With a sense of bashfulness that all but stopped him, but with a stronger sense of loyalty to a friend, Rest reduced himself to hat, boots, and wool union suit.

He piled the discarded garments neatly, placed a heavy rock on top of them, wiped his beard with the back of a determined hand, parted the wires, and rolled—with pricks and curses—through.

It was noon, and blazing warm, and an expanse of sagebrush still separated Rest from his watered up land and whatever had happened to it. He moved at a sloping charge from bush to bush. The clumps cast little shade, but they gave his outraged modesty a chance to catch its breath.

With the stealth of a man who has spent a good part of a lifetime stalking a wily mule, he reached the last clump.

Before him unfolded a young lawn leading up to a row of colored umbrellas, garden tables, many gay chairs, and a swimming-pool.

Human shapes lolled in the chairs and strolled about the margins of the pool. They shed their cares, all right, and a good bit more. Some, the more curvaceous, were in two dabs each of bright fabric. Others, the muscled variety, wore boxer's trunks with flowered patterns. Their hides ranged through all sun-kissed shades from bitter chocolate to tea.

One toothsome sun daughter skipped out to the end of a spring-board, graced it charmingly for a moment, then plopped off. She climbed ashore, scampered round the edge, and swarmed up the ladder to a high platform.

Thus it was she who spied Orestes Callum lurking behind a sage plant at the verge of the wilderness. She piped shrilly, "Grab cutlasses to repel boarders!"

Rest turned to dash in retreat. Voices rose in lusty whoop-halloo, and there were yells of "Bring on the buckshot!" and other menacing cries that lent wings to his feet.

He was thankful he had his boots. Those swimmers on their bare soles could never catch a shod man in this thorny country. But new din arose. The baying of unleashed, bounding, brassy-throated dogs.

The dogs were around him, and they were enormous, and two of them had Rest by what, at this juncture, was simply irreplaceable. And two strapping swimmers, who had stayed behind long enough to step into sandals, came up in time to save the back of his lap. They grabbed his arms.

"I'm looking for Will Holt," Rest

Continuing . . . Cavort with Me

from page 3

declared. He was a man with hard meat on his bones, but these two young athletes had the dogs and the words that controlled them. They had self-assurance in this situation where he had only painful shyness. And, on top of that, they probably knew where Will was. So he decided not to struggle. But he'd bluster that Will Holt once he got hands on him.

"I've come for Will Holt," he repeated. "He's in his dinkies—I mean, if he's in anything—" Shame for his partner overcame him. He couldn't describe Will further.

His captors didn't react to that. They lugged Rest to the pool, where they showed him off, and he nearly died from embarrassment, because scantily clad girls made a crowding circle round him, and all were beautiful in a way that anyone could see was strictly hand-picked. And nobody but his own mother and uninterested Will had ever seen him like this before.

His captors discussed him eagerly in terms that were new to him. One of them thought he undoubtedly had a talent for make-up. One called it genius. The others hooted and voted it pure corn. When they asked him what he represented, and he said he was Orestes Callum from the Old Gopher Mine, looking for his partner, they shrieked in lovely soprano, brayed in basses and baritone.

One dark-eyed witch, after lifting her suspicion that he had the union suit on upside down—he hadn't. Rest made sure, after a panicky self-survey—declared that Phil the Great simply had to see what the tide had washed up. Another declared that

Phil was sleeping, would be sore as a boiled bear if awakened, and would simply order the intruder to be skinned alive.

The rugged youths who held Rest's arms finally took him to a doorway and into a basement, where they pushed him into a room with a billiard table.

"Stick here, actor," they said, "behind the eight ball, till Phil the Great decides what next."

They started to leave, but one of the young giants turned and tossed a packet of cigarettes and a book of matches to him and said, "I know what it's like to break in. I got my chance by delivering ice. I did it with a tap dance. Have much trouble laying hold of that low-comedian outfit? The whiskers look almost real!"

Rest glared. All of this but the cigarettes was so much Chinese.

"Sorry Phil Random won't stand for ambitious guys pursuing him up here," went on the almost friendly youngster. "But he won't. This set-up is strictly for high living and plain thinking. Business can't bust in."

Rest managed to insert, "Where's Will Holt?"

"Don't know him, pal, but we come and we go. Present gang is here only for a week. Then back to the lot, and that's where your best chance is, if you're hipped on crawling through wire. Well, you'll hear Phil's decision when he wakes up, though I'm betting it'll be dog meat."

What's on your mind?

Woman tells of experience on jury

HAVING recently served on a jury, I was appalled at the lack of interest and the general lassitude that prevailed among my fellow jurors. Instead of accepting the fact that they were performing a civil duty, most of them complained that their personal and business affairs would go to rack and ruin during their short absence.

The fact that a man was on trial for a serious misdemeanor and his guilt or innocence depended on their findings seemed of little consequence to them.

Several stated openly that as far as they were concerned there would be no argument occasioning delay in reaching a verdict. Others were convinced of the guilt of the accused before one word of evidence was heard. Some slept during the trial, and were reprimanded by the judge.

After this experience, and hearing of others like it, I am convinced that some method of selection, other than the present method of empanelling a jury, should be used.

41 to Mrs. E.L., Brisbane.

Obedience pays

I THINK that young men who join one of the defence forces will find the training very useful in later life. When I was about 12 I entered a marine reserve organisation, and put in about 20 years in it. I shall never forget the experiences I gained.

The main thing is to obey before you can give orders to others. I have always been under the orders of older men than myself. I was told that I was one of the best helmsmen between Port Adelaide and Kangaroo Island, but only because I had good men to teach me.

The worst of most young or old men is that they think that they know everything. No one can ever learn enough. There is always something more.

5/- to John M. Hudson, Magill Old Folks Home, Adelaide.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's on Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published under pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Sign language

I DO not suppose that one person in ten knows the deaf-and-dumb language.

It seems a pity that this simple language of signs is not taught at school, as few adults think of learning it. Afflicted people would have a better opportunity of carrying on general conversation if more of the public could understand them.

This would also help people who are deaf but not dumb.

5/- to Mrs. Lillian Perelle, 15 Little St., Albion, Brisbane.

The tyranny of gloves

WOMEN are rightly acclaimed as the pioneers of dress reform. Yet, inconsistently, we cling to the fetish of gloves.

Travelling by tram to town one hot day, I saw 12 women in one compartment; two did not wear gloves, two had cool mesh gloves, and the other eight carried kid gloves in their sticky hands.

The gloves were useless and in-



convenient. The days have gone when women veiled their faces and covered their hands from the vulgar gaze. Gloved hands with bare legs are incongruous and futile.

Gloves belong to leisure, formal occasions, and dress functions, and should then be worn—not carried.

5/- to Mrs. E. Edwards, 14 Brusels St., Mascot, N.S.W.

"That's what I'll eat?"

"That's what you'll be."

The youth went out, with a mocking, palm-out salute, and a key clicked.

It wasn't wholly bad in the basement room, if you like being locked in basement rooms. Rest didn't know whether he did or didn't. It was out of the sun. But this was the first time in his life he didn't have space measured by townships to move about in.

However, there was a small high window, and the window gave out on the pool, and to a man standing on a chair that was as good a place as any to watch for Will. Meanwhile the sighs about the pool were not exactly crucifying to the eyes.

One of the choice formations out there, the dark-eyed witch who'd called Rest a genius, came to his window, made signs to push it open, and handed in a Tom Collins with a whispered "If you make the grade and need a good stooge, remember me. I'm Pepper Starr."

If he only knew what they had done with Will! Or whom they meant by Phil the Great. Or why they'd clapped him in here. Hadn't the ad begged for sun sons? Hadn't he offered himself—at least until he could locate Will—as a would-be cavorter trimmed down pretty well complete for the job?

In his current state Rest didn't have a pocket for a watch, even if he'd had a watch. After peering long out through the window, he concluded it was about time for the evening foot of Jim Hunkaker's engine whistle.

Imported pests

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Taylor, who said in her letter (26/4/47) that the golden hamster should not be brought here.

Two prominent examples of imported pests are the fox and the "wild" domestic cat, both of which do considerable damage, not only among the farmers' and squatters' livestock, but also among our native fauna.

Having done a lot of trapping, I do not include the rabbit—which I consider as much an asset as a pest. Think of the hundreds who made a living from rabbits during the depression, and also of the revenue rabbits have brought into Australia from skins and carcasses.

Admittedly the rabbit has done a great deal of damage, but so has the crow, which is useless for food and by-product.

5/- to A. F. J. Porter, Mulga Hill, Hallett, S.A.

Wants books

I HAVE received some copies of The Australian Women's Weekly and have passed them round to friends and to hospitals.

We, in England, have very few books, and I wonder if more readers could send reading matter to hospitals if they have no relatives here.

5/- to Mrs. F. Bigwood, 57 Brandwood Rd., Kings Heath, Birmingham, England.

Before, or after?

WHY are the names of the cast always given before a picture is screened and rarely afterwards?

Interest is often aroused by the supporting characters, and many people complain that they cannot remember the names of the different actors by the time the show is finished.

5/- to Miss H. Blake, 9 Waylen St., East Guildford, W.A.

Surplus vegetables

WHILE listening to the news over the air last week I heard that surplus vegetables were being dumped. Surely it would be better to distribute the vegetables, free of cost, to orphanages, hospitals, and mental homes.

5/- to Mrs. J. W. Geatches, 4 Cessnock St., Aberdeen, N.S.W.

REST heard the foot far away but nearing. And just then a fat little man wearing blue satin slacks and a cigar, and yawning, waddled into view before Rest's window and became the centre of a fluttering ring of both sexes.

They cleared a chair for him and put cushions at his neck folds and propped his slippers feet on a stool and fastened a tall glass in his hands and fulsomely chorused that the paunch which stretched his waistband was nothing but magnificent muscle.

Then somebody must have told him about Rest, for the little fat man yawned again and flicked ashes in Rest's direction with a pudgy jewelled hand. The two athletes who had pitched Rest into his prison detached themselves from the group, came to the door and unlocked it.

"You're getting off easy," one of them said. "Phil wants you to be chucked on the train."

"But I ain't found old Will!"

The train tooted close under the hill.

"Come on, or we'll have to toss you under the wheels!"

"But I ain't got my pants!"

The bronzed giants didn't seem to care about pants, which was natural for sun sons. They gripped Rest's arms, hurried him out past the end of the pool.

The train had stopped at the foot of a flight of steps. Jim Hunkaker and his fireman, Fred Jones, were on their tender, taking on engine water. They glanced down.

"Who's being heaved out this time," asked Jim, "autograph bound or ham?"

"It's me, Jim," said Rest.

Jim stared.

"I'm Rest Callum," confirmed the man in the woolen undies. "I been looking for Will."

"By the holy," gasped Jim, "now I seen everything in Nevada. Rest, where's your clothes?"

"Lemme," begged Rest, "ride in your cab."

"Sure thing," said Jim heartily, "sure thing!" To Rest's keepers, "Don't be skeered of the old coot. These desert rats do the queerest things. Though I'd be less surprised if it was only Will Holt."

"Ring the bell and get started, Jim," pleaded Rest.

On the engine, Jim explained some things. Rest realised that if Will had read his last papers first, instead of saving them, he'd have found out sooner.

Puissance Prouty had run afoul of interstate trade regulations and been thrown out, and a movie king, said Jim, had taken over Prouty's Nevada land option and made a luxurious hide-hole out of it.

At the whistling post, two miles from the Old Gopher Mine, Jim Hunkaker braked his drivers and Rest got down. The train rolled on. Rest, nervously holding together his union suit, strode for home. Slanting sunset rays made an interesting shadow of his rapidly moving longies, shoes, and hat.

But Rest didn't know, as he breasted past the smoke tree by the corral, that a black-whiskered figure clad in shivery shorts had lurked behind that very shrub early in the morning of this day and watched him start up trail.

A figure that eighteen hours before had prospected about in the vicinity beyond Burnt Springs, come to a brand-new fence, shed and piled his apparel, and trustfully rolled through—to be yelled at and shot at with salt and chased by dogs which, however, had merely licked the salt; until, limp and blown, he had come out where he had gone in, to find his clothes strangely swiped.

For which reason, desert sun being what it is, he had spent the rest of the day buried in sand to his neck, and with darkness had crept down the clinkered trail and hidden, here Will Rest and his razor-edged tongue cleared out.

Rest didn't know all that yet. But by the smoke rising from the chimney he knew that Will was home. He rolled up his union-suit sleeves with determined hands and burst open the door.

"You Will Holt!" he howled.

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Z 11/46

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 4

TURNING a face of the deepest reproach towards Hugh, Vicky repeated: "From Scotland Yard. What a vicious thing to do! Oh, I think you're the most repellent creature I've ever met! In fact, not merely sub-human, but a snake and a traitor as well!"

"One of your dramatic days, I see," said Hugh, quite unmoved. "Don't mind the inspector, will you? And get it out of your head that I sent for him. All I did was to give him a lift from the village."

"Just when Ermyntude's been up again!" Vicky said. She looked critically at Hemingway, and suddenly bestowed an unexpectedly beguiling smile upon him. "Oh, I like you more than Inspector Cook! Has he told you about my being practically on the scene of the crime? Isn't it ghoulish?"

"He told me that you didn't hear or see anything unusual," replied Hemingway diplomatically. "Nor your dog either." He glanced at the black ribbon which she had tied round her head to keep the feathery curls in position. "What I'm wondering is whether you happened to see a hair-clip in the shrubbery at any time?"

"No, I don't wear them. I think they're definitely unlovely. Do you want to see my mother's?"

"Yes, please. But are you quite sure this isn't yours?"

Vicky looked at the hair-clip he was holding in the palm of his hand. "How touching! Absolutely Mother's Good Girl, isn't it? Not one of my acts."

She evidently had no further interest in the clip, so the inspector put it back in his pocket, and followed her into the house.

Ermyntude was sitting in the drawing-room with Mary. A number of newspapers were piled unidly on a low table beside her, and as soon as she saw Hugh, she exclaimed: "Well, if you're not the very person I was hoping would look in on us! To my mind, it's practically libel, and if I can't sue them there's no justice in England. Look at that!"

Hugh took the newspaper that was being thrust at him. A most unflattering portrait of Prince Varasavill met his eye, and nearly surprised a laugh out of him.

"Mrs. Carter's distinguished Russian guest!" quoted Ermyntude bitterly. "If they'd said it was Mrs. Carter's boot-boy, it would have been more likely. No, really, Hugh, I am put out! What's more, Alexis particularly told them he was a Georgian, not that it makes a bit of difference to my mind, but you know how touchy foreigners are!" She broke off, perceiving Hemingway, and demanded suspiciously: "Who's that?"

"Darling Ermyntude, it's an inspector from Scotland Yard," said Vicky. "His name is Hemingway, and he's rather a lamb, except for nourishing degrading suspicions about me."

The inspector was startled. "Now, that's not fair, miss," he said.

"Hair-clips," said Vicky reproachfully. "I call that utterly degrading." "Scotland Yard!" ejaculated Ermyntude, letting fall the second newspaper, which she had been holding out to Hugh. "Am I never to be left in peace? Haven't I had enough to worry me? How I wish Wally had never been shot!"

Inspector Hemingway at once won Hugh's respect by his instant grasp of the situation.

"I'm sure I'm not surprised," he said sympathetically, "but don't think I've come to badger you, madam, because I'm a feeling man myself, and I know just how you feel. You've had reporters here pestering you, haven't you? Regular body-snatchers, that's what they are. So this is the Prince! Well, I must say I wouldn't have thought it!"

Ermyntude wrested the paper from his grasp. "It's nothing like him! What's all this about your suspecting my girl? I never heard such a thing!"

"That was just Miss Fanshawe trying to have a little game with me," replied the inspector. "As a matter of fact, it wasn't Miss Fanshawe I came to see. It wasn't, strictly speaking, you, either, madam, but I'm sure it's a pleasure. Ever

see that before?" He held out the hair-clip as he spoke. "Nasty, cheap thing!" said Ermyntude, after a cursory glance at it. "Can I see it?" asked Mary. "I sometimes wear one."

The inspector held it out to her. She looked at it, and shook her head. "No, it's not one of mine. Who is it you wish to see, Inspector?"

"The Prince, miss, if you please." "Well, I suppose it's no good my trying to stop you," said Ermyntude. "The way you policemen behave, anyone would think the house belonged to you! Oh, Hugh, you know all about the law! Have they got to go worrying Alexis? He's very sensitive, and what with that photograph and the papers getting his name wrong, and one of them calling him a baron instead of a prince, he's very put-out already."

"I'm afraid," began Hugh, but broke off short as the object of this discussion stepped in through the french window. "Here is the Prince, Inspector."

The Prince's smile faded. He threw up his hands, exclaiming: "Ah, not more police! It becomes too much! My poor Trudinka, you are distressed; they have been worrying you again! You should have sent for me immediately!"

"I'm sure that's just like you, Alexis, always so thoughtful and sweet to me!" said Ermyntude warmly. "I was going to send for you, too, because it's you the inspector wants to see."

The Prince raised his brows. "Yes? I am at your disposal, Inspector, though what more I can say I do not know. I have told all I know. I must confess I do not understand these English methods. What do you want with me?"

"Well, I'd like to have a little chat with you alone, sir," said Hemingway.

"I'm sure you needn't be so anxious to keep me in the dark!" said Ermyntude. "I'd like to know who has the bigger right to know what's going on! What's more, I dare say I can answer your questions a lot better than the Prince can. It stands to reason!"

"Yes, but I'm funny like that," returned Hemingway, quite unruffled. "When I ask one person a question I get muddled in the head if half-a-dozen people start answering."

"But naturally I will go apart with you, my dear Inspector!" said the Prince, recovering his smile. "Come! I am at your service!"

He bowed the inspector out of the room and took him across the hall to the library.

"You do not wish me to repeat my evidence," he said as he closed the door. "You wish to question me about the affair at the shoot on Saturday. But it is absurd! I must tell you at once that for myself I do not believe that it was anything but a foolish accident. That Mr. Steel would fire with deliberation upon Mr. Carter I find ridiculous. I cannot discuss such a piece of nonsense."

"That's right, sir, and very handsomely spoken, I'm sure," said the inspector. "I won't ask you anything at all about it."

"Ah!" said the Prince, taken rather aback. "You are a sensible man, I perceive. You do not set store by the strange suspicions of Mr. Carter. I can speak openly to you, in effect."

"That's just what I hope you'll do, sir. I can see we shall get along fine. All I want you to tell me is what time it was when you arrived at the doctor's house on Sunday."

"But, my friend, I have told already once! It was at five minutes to five."

"And how did you happen to know that, sir?"

The Prince shrugged. "I was too early. The doctor was not in, and when I looked at the time I found it was not then five o'clock. It is very simple! The housekeeper will uphold me, for we spoke of the time together."

"Yes," said the inspector mildly. "She said she remembered it distinctly, on account of your showing her your watch."

"Did I? It may well have been so."

"Please turn to page 21

WORTH Reporting

WITH the steady increase in the number of air taxi services opening up in Australia these days, you can get from city to city almost as easily as from suburb to suburb.

Altogether there are 21 services from which planes may be chartered by private people for any civil flying. Nine are in New South Wales, six in Victoria, three in Queensland, two in South Australia, and one in Western Australia.

Most recent additions to the air taxi-rank are the Blue Bird Air Taxi Service in Sydney and Air Taxi Pty. Ltd. at Albany.

Owners of the services say they are prepared for any type of job or passenger.

One taxi-pilot recently sprinkled the ashes of a former woman golfer over Moore Park Golf Course in compliance with a wish expressed in her will.

A launch-owner who left his boat unmooored in Sydney Harbor found, after a heavy wind, that it had disappeared. He searched the inlets and bays around the Harbor by car and then hired an air-taxi. After a two-hour search the launch was found in an inlet near Botany Bay.

The services are streamlined, and you take off for near or distant parts at less than half an hour's notice. In fact, one service has announced that its planes can take off within five minutes of being hired.

The Blue Bird Service, which is using Auster-planes, offers door-to-door transport.

This involves the use of cars, of course, but Mr. Ian Bourne, the general manager, claims that if civil aviation rules allowed it your home fronted a normally wide street or boasted a fairly large back yard the plane could pick you up at your door.

RURAL COUNCIL of Moira (Ireland) asked the Ministry of Health and Local Government to raise the rent of a cottage from 2/- to 6/- weekly. The cottage has a kitchen, sitting-room, two bedrooms, and a large weaving shop, converted in similar houses into two rooms. It stands in half an acre of garden. Application was refused.

"I wonder if I might have a look at that watch of yours, sir?"

The Prince extended his wrist. "But certainly!"

The inspector glanced at his own watch. "Thank you, sir. Do you find it keeps good time? They tell me those fancy ones very often don't."

"Excellent time. You would say that I was not at Dr. Chester's house before five? Is that it, may I ask?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't say that at all, sir. Not unless I was sure of my facts, that is," he added thoughtfully. "Still, these watches do lose sometimes, and we have to be so careful in the department, you know. So I've set a couple of my people on to see if they can't find someone to corroborate your statement."

The Prince said in rather a high-pitched voice: "This is to insult me! Am I then suspected of having murdered my host? It is iniquitous! It is, in fact, quite laughable, when one considers that it is not I who have the motive for killing that unfortunate!" His voice rose.

"I do not pretend to know anything, but I find it strange that the poor foreigner must be suspected rather than a man who has been debased by Carter; or than Miss Cliffe, who inherits Carter's fortune; or than—for one must be frank—Miss Fanshawe, who was on the spot and knows well how to handle a gun!"

"You've got me quite wrong, sir," said the inspector. "I've got a natural mistrust of watches, that's all. Yes, what do you want?"

Animal Antics



"I'm getting those shooting nuts again!"

They remember when . . .

THERE is a comfortable spirit of good fellowship and an exchange of tales of long ago when a group of men meet once a month in Sydney. They are members of the Navy and Army Veterans' Association, and all saw service before 1888.

The most recent meeting of the 46 old-timers was to celebrate the 52nd birthday of their oldest member, Mr. H. Figg, who joined the Royal Navy in 1870. He holds the Ashanti Medal 1873/4 with Kumasi Bar; and the Zulu War Medal 1878/9, with bar.

Organiser of the veterans' parties is Mrs. J. L. Marden, of Matraville, Sydney.

Tourist attractions

YOU could travel the world and not find more beautiful scenery than at one New South Wales tourist resort; but it is a bad show if you try to have lunch there on a week day.

One of our staff tried recently, and this is what she found: The only hotel does not serve meals.

The only cafe she could find open was entirely booked out by a tourist-car service.

A kiosk promised "light refreshments." Our reporter sat in a cubicle.

The kiosk-keeper shouted from behind the counter, "Do you want anything?"

Tea and sandwiches arrived grudgingly.

But the next customer was greeted with, "No, I'm not going to serve another person. Not till I've had a cigarette. I've been trying to have one all morning. Now I'm going to. What? Oh! You're a friend of Marjorie's. Oh, well, that's different."

Just bad luck if you were an overseas visitor and not a friend of Marjorie's.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



Diplomatic wife

TOURING the Commonwealth recently, the wife of one of Canberra's diplomatic corps showed herself the best diplomat of them all.

Hearty handshakes by members of one reception committee after another proved too much for the light-fitting sleeve of her light wool frock, and it split at the elbow, leaving a large expanse of skin.

Promptly calling for a razor-blade and disappearing from sight, she returned a few minutes later wearing a short-sleeved frock. She confessed that she hacked off the offending sleeve and its companion because she appreciated Australians' convincing handshakes, and was fearful of causing embarrassment if news got round that her sleeves couldn't take the "pumping."

The Egg and Islanders

DOUBLE British Summer Time does not mean any more daylight leisure in the summer months in the Orkney Islands.

Main occupation on the islands is the egg industry. The hens still lay when they choose, and if the farm workers get up two hours earlier they are wasting their time. They have to wait on the hens' pleasure.

So Orkney County Council has asked the Secretary of State for Scotland to exclude their islands from Double British Summer Time.

Young Monty's Army life

RECEIVING his call-up papers, 18-year-old David Montgomery, son of Britain's Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, moved from his public school to a wooden army hut shared with 29 other fellows.

So far David has found it difficult to read in bed, a homely amenity listed among the principal attractions of Monty's New Army, because there are no bedside lamps.

"Young Monty," as his mates call him, gets pushed around just as much by the training sergeants as anyone else. So far his marksmanship, tested on a range, is only very average.

Battering "The Bride"

RICHARD TAUBER'S return visit here next year is good news quite as much because of his amusing personality as his fine singing.

There are plenty of good Tauber stories, but the one we like best is told by Thomas Russell, of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, in his "Philharmonic Decade."

Sir Thomas Beecham was rehearsing "The Battered Bride," representative Czech opera, with Tauber and a cast of singers who had performed the work frequently in Germany and Czechoslovakia.

Czech traditions of tempo and interpretation were little known in England, and Sir Thomas and the singers were at variance. He succeeded in reducing many of the singers to tears.

Tauber stepped forward, and, with the utmost snivility, said:

"You must understand, Sir Thomas, that we who are preparing 'The Battered Bride' this morning suffer under the disadvantage of having sung it so many times incorrectly in Germany and Prague that it is really too much to expect us to sing it the correct way with you immediately."

Sir Thomas, so witty himself, is always quick to appreciate it in others, so saw the joke and peace was restored.



ALMOST 700 GUESTS at the Wagga Race Club's cocktail party include Jane Cookson (left), of Inverell, staying with the George Osbornes, Doreen Minter, and Melbourne visitor Pam Couper, a guest of the Lloyd Jones' at Tarcutta.



FIRST RACE of meeting is won by Island Warrior, photographed with owner, Meg Horsley. Members of the Horsley family own five of the 46 entrants.



ATTRACTIVE FROCK of tartan taffeta is worn by Tempe Minter at the Picnic Race Club Ball. She dances with R.A.N.V.R. Lieutenant Noel Rutledge, a guest of Tempe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Minter, at Bereena.

Wagga Picnics

RACING enthusiasts from Sydney and Melbourne join in the wonderful reunion at Wagga's Picnic Races, the first since '39.

Two days' festivities are packed with excitement.

Race club's membership, more than 350, is bigger than ever, and race entries are well over average mark.

Grass-feds and trained horses share the honors, and have six races each over the two days.

Secretary, Mr. W. H. Stillman, says many would like to run the meeting entirely for grass-feds, but it isn't practical to do so.

BUSY time for popular president, Mr. W. G. Drummond, and his charming wife, who entertain at a buffet dinner at the Australian Hotel after the first day's races.

Guests from Urana are the Ralph Whiteheads and the Don Sutherlands, and from Cootamundra the Alan Bragg.

Also from Cootamundra is Mrs. Angus Power, wife of the Cootamundra Picnic Race Club president, who is among Mrs. Drummond's guests at afternoon tea during the first day's meeting, to entertain chiefly the wives of fellow race club presidents.

At afternoon tea see Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge, of Gundagai, Mrs. Lloyd Jones, of Tarcutta, Mrs. Les Chomley, of Narrandera, and Mrs. George Osborn, of Tarcutta.

Celebrations over, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond return home to "Yirri," Lockhart, with a house party, including Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cotton, of Sydney, formerly of Inverell, and Mr. and Mrs. William Adams, of Melbourne.

MORE of a thrill than her recent Royal Show wins is Mrs. Graeme Austin's victory with her horse, Sir Buchan, in two main races—the Cup and Bracelet.

Tells me she bought him about a month ago and since then has trained him herself. Mrs. Austin says she and other women owners wanted to ride their own horses, but the programme is compiled before their requests are made.

Sir Buchan is driven home to the Austins' property at Humula in great triumph, with his proud owner at the wheel of the float.

AT an outside in cocktail parties after the first day of racing, the club entertains almost 700 guests. Punting is main topic, and hopes are high for the next day.

Big family party celebrates win in the Warren Handicap by Jungle Green, owned by Mr. T. E. Gorman, of Fairfield, Yerrong Creek.

Lots of small parties follow in private homes.

Guests for drinks at Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Readson's include Dr. and Mrs. Roy Gough, from Henty.

On the way to the Race Club Ball, which finishes the day, many attractive young things call in at the H. E. Gishins' home, where daughter Judy entertains. Guests include Val and Maise Kendall, Flo Mitchell, and Ruth Brunsell.

The Max Raffans are also "at home" for drinks.

AT FORK LUNCHEON before the races hostess Mrs. Hertford Weedon (left) looks after guests Mrs. Alan Bragg, of Landgrove, Cootamundra, Miss Isobel Fraser, Mrs. Alan Smith, and Mrs. Jack Fraser, of Deloit, Gundagai.



HOLBROOK VISITORS Mr. Nigel Ross and his American wife have a refresher between dances at the race club's ball at the Kyeamba Smith Hall.

MANY tired feet and heads after the ball, which ends soon after soup is served, at 4 a.m.

Find it hard to select belles at the ball, which locals say is Wagga's first mass return to evening glamor since the war.

Dorothy Kelsall's off-white moire gown has large-bowed peplum; Mrs. James Parnell, of "Granville," Managalah, chooses floral heliotrope; Lois Grigg dons black tulle bouffant in the skirt, and gold-beaded on the bodice; Mrs. Les Donelan, at the Picnics with her husband from "Lutworth Park," Geurie, has scintillating sequins on the sleeves and yoke of her lovely black crepe gown. Field flowers mark the square neckline of Colleen Ryan's lawn yellow frock.

FEEL it could almost be the Melbourne Cup when I notice the "prince of starters," Rupert Greene, who retired two years ago. He had started 33 Caulfield Cup and 32 Melbourne Cup races.

He's been holidaying with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Meares at Bogabigal, Forbes.

HOUSE guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hertford Weedon are the Alan Bragg, from Cootamundra, and Lieutenant-Commander Bob Elsworth, R.N., who comes across from Bethunga, where he's staying with his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Charles Elsworth, at Yammatree.

"OVERLANDERS" STAR Daphne Campbell at the races with her husband, Mr. Stephen Calder. Couple, who are on their way home to Alice Springs, thus completing two months' touring holiday, leave eight-month-old daughter Erika in the car while they punt.



CHAMPAGNE PARTY under the peppers is picnic interlude for Sydney visitors Janet Plooman (right) and Leonard Gulsan (left), and Jill Robinson, with whom they are staying at Kimo, Gundagai, Mr. Jack Chew, of Young, shares the bird.

MRS. LEO GARRY, of "Mylara," Binalong, leaves the Diggers' Race Meeting at Yass to drive to Wagga to see her mare Bridg run. With her is Molly O'Neill, who flies home the day after the races.

CANNOT go a step without meeting a Minter or a Robertson at the cocktail party at the Australian Hotel given by Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Robertson, of "Wynneh," Gundagai, and the Mern Minters, of "Bereena." Not such a get-together for the Robertsons for years. Jimmy and Margot Robertson came from Goro, Victoria, with Peter, Heather, and Ruth Robertson, and are house guests of Margot's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelsall, at "Broughton Brook."

GUESTS include the Wallace Sawyers, the Wallace and Lach Horsleys, and Dr. and Mrs. Hertford Weedon.

Also Mrs. Gordon Robertson's niece, Mrs. Bill Whitehead, and her husband, former amateur jockey, of Gwabro, Wagga.

RETURN to tradition when the Country Golf Club invites members and their guests to a dance to wind up festivities. Golf Club president's wife, Mrs. W. H. Higgins, and associates' president, Mrs. Eileen Houlihan, plan the decorations to enhance an already lovely setting for the finale.

Joyce



PICNIC RACE CLUB president Mr. W. G. Drummond (left) presents Wagga Cup to Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Austin, owners of Sir Buchan. Horse has a double victory, winning the main race on the second day of the meeting as well.

THIS question was addressed to the butler, who had come into the room. Peake said stiffly that Sergeant Wake wished to speak to him.

"You can send him in here," replied the inspector, adding kindly to the Prince: "I daresay he's found someone to corroborate your evidence, sir. He's a very able young fellow, my sergeant."

Sergeant Wake, however, had found no such person. He had found instead the son of the local publican, who had informed him that he had been out walking with his young lady on Sunday afternoon, along the road from Stillhurst to Kershaw, and had seen Miss Fanshawe's car, with a strange gentleman at the wheel, travelling towards the village just after five o'clock.

"It's a lie! I denounce it!" exclaimed the Prince, grasping the back of a chair.

"Well, and what makes him so sure it was after five?" inquired the inspector.

"He states that both him and his young lady had heard the village church clock strike the hour about ten minutes before," replied Wake. "Very positive, he is."

Inspector Hemingway looked at the Prince. "I had a notion all along that watch of yours wasn't to be trusted," he remarked. "What you might call a hunch. We shall have to 'rub it all out and start again. Suppose, sir, you were to talk to me openly, just like you said you would?"

"It is not true. I dispute it! If my watch can lose so, why then is it now correct?"

"Would it be because you've set it right?" suggested the inspector helpfully.

The Prince glared at him. "You take the word of an ignorant country fellow before mine? You are insolent, my friend, and I resent it!"

"Yes, well, we'll get along a right better, sir, if you don't waste my time with that kind of talk. What I want to know is just what you were doing in between the time you left this house, which, by all accounts, can't have been later than a quarter-to-five, and the time you arrived at the doctor's house."

"I should be accustomed to persecution!" the Prince said, with a dramatic gesture. "Have I not been persecuted enough already?"

"Not knowing, I can't say, sir, but you won't get persecuted in this country, that I do know. Though if you refuse to answer my questions you stand a very good chance of ending up inside a police cell."

"I did not know that my watch was slow!" the Prince cried. "It was in innocence that I showed it to that woman! What would you do I know this place? Was I conducted to the doctor's house? It is not easy to remember exactly what is told one! Of the murder I know nothing! But nothing!"

"Oh! So you admit that your watch was slow, sir?"

"It was slow, yes, but I did not then know it. Listen, for I will tell you all. It is true that I left this house at a quarter-to-five. I asked of Mr. Carter the way to the doctor's house, and he told me, but I forget. I remember that I shall come to a T-road, but there is no sign-post, and I do not recall which way I must turn. I turn to the right, but there is no village."

"I go slowly, but when in two-three miles there is still no village, I am sure that I have taken the wrong turning. I come to a cross-road, and I see at last a sign-post which tells me I have come away from Stillhurst. I turn the car, therefore, and I go back. That is all!"

"That's all very well, sir, but when you fetched up at the doctor's house after all this joy riding, weren't you a bit surprised to find it was only five-to-five by your watch?"

"It didn't signify. I did not take

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 19

count of the time. Perhaps I was a little surprised, but what matter?"

"When did you discover that your watch was wrong?"

"Later. When I came back to this house."

"Oh, you did, did you, sir? Then why did you tell Inspector Cook nothing about it? Why didn't you tell him what you've just told me?"

The Prince flung out his hand. "But put yourself in my place. What a situation. What horror did I find here! I have done nothing. I am innocent. Must I say then that when Mr. Carter was murdered I have no alibi? It is not reasonable! It is folly! I see that it will be better not to divulge the truth."

"Well, that may be your idea of what's best, but it's not mine!" said the inspector.

"Ah, you do not understand. You do not appreciate the predicament in which I find myself. Of what use to tell the police the truth? It is not helpful; it will only confuse them, for I know nothing of the murder. It is clear to me, moreover, that it will lead to much unpleasantness if I speak the truth. It is more comfortable, much wiser, to tell a little lie. You cannot blame me for that!"

"Well, that's where you're mistaken, sir, because if this story of yours is true, you've acted very wrongly."

"Ah, you are blind, stupid. What does it matter where I may be at the time of the murder? Ask, instead, where was Mr. Steel? Where was Miss Cliffe? Did I not say you would become confused if it were known that I have not an alibi? Or is it because I am not English that you desire to make a case against me? Yes, I see it. You say to yourself, 'This man is a foreigner, therefore I do not trust him.'"

The inspector strove with himself. "Of all the—! Look here, sir, on your own showing you've told me a lot of lies, not to mention what you told Inspector Cook, and now you turn round and say I don't believe you because you're a foreigner! What next!"

"I have shown you that it is of no account that I have concealed from you the truth. It is, in fact, for the best. You have made a mistake to drag from me the fact that I have lied to you, and you will regret it, for you think now that it is I who murdered Carter, and that is not so. Ah, but it is folly! Why, I demand of you, should I kill him?"

"By all I can hear, sir, you're very friendly with Mrs. Carter," said Hemingway, significantly.

"You think I killed Carter that I might marry Mrs. Carter?"

"Well," said Hemingway, "that's what you'd like me to think Mr. Steel did it, isn't it?"

"Oh, my friend, you are quite mistaken! No, no, it was not necessary that I should kill Carter. I assure you! You must know that he was not an estimable man, not a good husband, not any longer attractive, you understand. The affair would have arranged itself better, for Mrs. Carter might so easily have divorced him." He smiled slightly.

"You perceive? You are a man of the world; I can speak frankly to you. I desire to marry Mrs. Carter; I do not make a secret of it. But I do not like that Carter should be murdered; I prefer infinitely a divorce. It is reasonable that, is it not? Consider!"

The unexpected candor of this speech quite took the inspector's breath away. The Prince's face had cleared; in his voice was a note of unmistakable sincerity.

"Am I to understand, sir, that Mrs. Carter was intending to divorce her husband?"

The Prince spread out his well-manicured hands.

"Gently, gently, if you please! You wish me to tell you that it was arranged already, but you must know that these things do not arrange themselves in the flash of an eye. I am entirely honest with you, and I say that I am more a desirable party than this poor Carter. What would you? He is already growing old; he drinks; he spends the money that is his wife's on other women; he is not even amusing! Above all, she does not love him."

"Consider again! I am not old; I do not become fuddled every night; I do not forget to accord to Mrs. Carter that admiration which is her due. I am poor, yes, but I am a prince, and to be instead of Mrs. Carter, the Princess Varasavhili, would be a great thing, would it not? Ah, yes, one may say that the divorce was sure! You will see that I am perfectly frank with you, Inspector!"

"You certainly are!" said Hemingway, almost bereft of speech.

"It is best. Between men of the world these little affairs are easily understood. The matter is now made plain, I think? You have no more to ask me?"

"At the moment I haven't," said Hemingway. "But I wouldn't like you to run away with the idea that telling me these highly remarkable plans of yours has cleared you, sir, because it hasn't. Do you use a nail-file?"

STARTLED at the suddenness of the question, the Prince replied evasively: "I do not know why you should ask!"

"No, and I don't know why you shouldn't answer," said the inspector.

The Prince flushed. "Let me tell you, I do not like your manner!"

"Well, since we're being so nice and open," retorted the inspector, "I don't mind telling you that I don't like your story, sir. You'd better consider your position!"

The Prince said uneasily: "You ask me what I do not understand. Certainly I use a nail-file! Why should I not tell you, since you are so curious?"

"Don't happen to have lost one lately, do you, sir?"

"No!"

"Ah, well!" said the inspector. "Then I won't detain you any longer."

He waited until the door had closed behind the Prince before turning an expressive gaze upon his sergeant. "That grave-eyed man shook his head. 'I wouldn't have believed it!' he said."

"Yes, I reckon we're seeing life," agreed Hemingway. "Wonderful how frank and above-board he got as soon as he found he wasn't going over big with me!"

"Do you think he did it, sir?"

"I wouldn't put it above him. All the same, this is a highly intricate case, and it won't do for you and me to go jumping to conclusions."

"He's a real nasty piece of work," said the sergeant sternly. "He fairly made my gorge rise!"

"Yes, I never have thought that new way they have at the Zoo of keeping snakes was safe," said Hemingway. "If I weren't a very conscientious man, I'd arrest his Highness right now, and go off and get a bit of supper, which is what I need."

The sergeant frowned. "I wouldn't say, myself, we'd get quite enough on him, sir," he suggested diffidently.

"That's another reason why I'm not arresting him," said the inspector.

He went out into the hall. The door into the drawing-room stood open, and he could see Vicky Fanshawe perched on the arm of a chair. He walked across the hall and went into the drawing-room. Only the two girls and Hugh Dering were there.

Please turn to page 24

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PL 2237

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — June 7, 1947

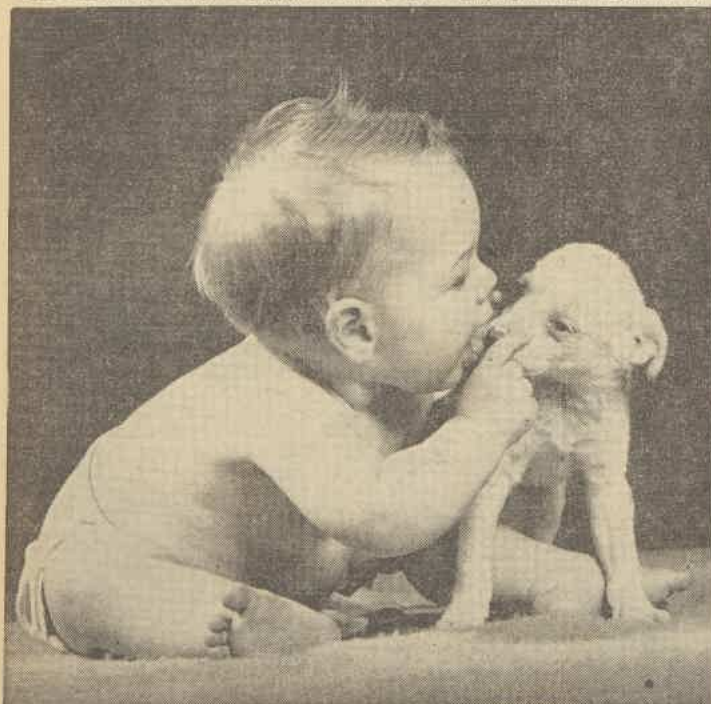
Page 21



GOOD COMPANIONS. Babies and puppies are at same stage physically and mentally.



CURIOSITY is as strong in a puppy as in a baby. Both lack judgment and co-ordination.



DANGER lurks in this unhygienic friendliness, but neither of the matey babies cares.



CANNY APPROACH. Babies and puppies are at first unafraid; live by impulse.

Babies and puppies are

Understanding of this can help parents in rearing children

By **LAWRENCE K. FRANK**
U.S. authority on child development

Almost anyone who has watched both babies and puppies—sprawling on the floor, plopping into sleep, gnawing on anything they can get their jaws around—will agree the two seem much alike.

Indeed, there is more than seeming about it. All the recent research and experimentation point in the same direction; babies, like puppies, are young mammals and should be treated as such if they are to grow up healthy, happy, balanced, useful adults.

So it might be said that the proper study of babies is puppies.

LET us examine some of the parallels between the two kinds of young animals and then see how an understanding of the similarities will help in the sound rearing of a child.

Both puppies and babies, when they are born, are helpless, dependent and demanding, requiring much care and affection.

They are "brainless"—their centres of co-ordination, judgment, and voluntary activity are not functioning.

So they live reflexively and impulsively, guided by the ancient "wisdom of the body," derived from their mammalian ancestry.

They are easily upset internally, for they have not developed their full capacity for keeping their internal world stable.

They need to be mothered, nursed, and cuddled, kept warm and comfortable, close to mother, where they can feel safe and secure while they are getting used to this strange world.

They need to be suckled, not only

for the sake of food, but for the satisfaction they get from sucking.

They cannot stand prolonged hunger, so they whimper and cry, get restless and unhappy when they need food. Feeding provides more than food—they get confidence in the world and feel they will be taken care of.

They like to sleep a lot—suddenly, falling asleep, completely relaxed, to wake later with renewed zest for life. They wake up with the birds and expect everyone else to be ready to look after them and play with them.

They are aimless and purposeless in most of their actions, releasing surplus energy by moving arms and legs, kicking and rolling round, finding much satisfaction just living within their own skins.

They like to put things in their mouths, licking and especially chewing everything they can find, cutting their teeth on whatever feels good.

● Pictures on this page are by **Constance Bannister**, famous New York baby photographer, whose career story appears on page 13.

They like to touch and taste things, exploring the world with their own bodies and immediate surroundings, getting acquainted by sensing things.

They love to be petted and are easily pleased and comforted by very simple things and little attention.

They are sensitive—to noise, lights, to anything painful, alarming, or disturbing. They react violently to pain, threats, and getting very angry or hurt when they are only slowly recovering from composure after they have been upset.

When they are hurt or disappointed or frustrated they whimper and feel forlorn, unable to cope with a world that treats them so badly.

In the beginning they are afraid, almost foolhardy, tumbling into all kinds of hazardous, even dangerous, situations which they must be rescued from.

Only slowly do they learn to be cautious; sometimes they are frightened or painfully hurt, but they become timid and lose their native courage.

Full of energy

THEY have no shame or modesty, no guilt—live by impulse, seeking satisfaction and trying to avoid pain. It is never as painful or uncomfortable as it seems.

They are curious, impulsive, full of energy and enthusiasm with no judgment of consequences and they easily accept "no" or "must" or "may."

They recognise no private property, nor do they respect the rights of anyone. They take and use and throw away whatever catches their fancy.

They have no manners or cleanliness, like to eat noisily and ignore such things as dirt and cleanliness, and are unable to fair or wait their turn.



...turns slowly to be cautious.

...much alike!



WHAT NEXT? Whether you're canine or human, growing up means learning a number of complicated lessons.

They early develop their capacity of human relations, giving and receiving love and affection, and also, aloof, hostile, or distrustful of others.

They have no ethics or standards of conduct.

They are naively amoral, guided by their legitimate needs and desires, their impulses and feelings.

They want what they want when they want it!

Now, having seen all this, how do we apply it to living?

...ing up children—or puppets?

Some babies and puppies are eager to be loved and approved to belong. They can accept discipline and prohibitions if not too frequent and severe. If they are affectionately loved with love and patience.

They are obedient to demands and suggestions of well-imposed law based on the experience. They are eager to learn and are quickly developing skills.

ing skills and capacities for living in our complicated world.

They feel comfortable and at peace internally when satisfying their infantile needs and expressing their childish impulses. Thereby they develop more stability inside and become more and more ready to meet the world and its many difficult requirements.

The infant whose basic mammalian functions and impulses have been recognised

LET'S BE PALS. These young things are eager to be loved and approved.

and fulfilled is well started as an organism and a personality.

Like the puppy, the baby must learn not to hurt and attack others when he is provoked or blocked. This he will accept if he is permitted to react emotionally as an infant and helped to manage, not repress, his emotional reactions.

Like the puppy, the baby will gradually become emotionally stable, or he will become touchy, irritable, and easily provoked, according to the way he has been treated while little and helpless.

Like the puppy, the baby is expected to grow up and accept the many prohibitions and demands of social life and the responsibilities of being an adult.

This he will do if helped to develop, not passive obedience to orders, but self-discipline, under a kindly and patient authority.

Like the puppy, the baby must learn an incredible number of complicated lessons for living in our world—the meanings of things and especially of symbolic signs and sounds which he will interpret according to the way he has been taught.

Like the puppy, the baby will later mate and have offspring and so must maintain his organic integrity, his capacity for full functioning and

utilising the rich opportunities of adult living.

He must never lose his capacity for emotions and feelings which are essential to a healthy organism, but he must find ever more mature ways of expressing his emotions and communicating his feelings.

Foundation for sanity

LIKE the puppy, if the baby has been indulged as an infant, had ample satisfactions and generous love and affection, if he has been helped to keep his courage and develop self-confidence, if he has been patiently guided to pattern his native impulse behaviour into the patterned conduct required for social living, then he has received the priceless foundation for developing a sane, well-balanced, co-operative personality as he grows older.

Every baby needs these simple organic satisfactions because, unlike the puppy, he must go on and become not merely an adult organism but also a personality who will take over and accept our values and aspirations, who will participate in maintaining social order and continuing our culture.

had gone upstairs to dress for dinner, and the Prince seemed to have followed her example.

"I do hope I'm not intruding," said Hemingway cheerfully. "Of course, if I am, you've only got to tell me."

"And then I suppose you'd go away?" said Vicky.

"I'd be in a very awkward position," confessed the inspector. "Because, as it happens, I want to ask both you young ladies one or two questions."

"Right, then I'll clear out," said Hugh, knocking out his pipe and putting it in his pocket.

Vicky flung out her hand. "Don't leave us!" she said throbbingly. "Can't you see that we may need you?"

"Can it, Vicky!" said Hugh, unimpressed.

"I wish you would stay," said Mary nervously.

"I'm sure I've no objection," said the inspector. "There's no need for anyone to get the shudders yet. What I want to know first, is whether it's true that you, miss, are Mr. Carter's heiress?"

Mary stared at him to dawning dismay. "Who's been telling you that nonsense?"

"Alexis!" said Vicky tensely.

"Well, that's what I want to know, miss. Is it nonsense, or had Mr. Carter a fortune to leave?"

"No. At least, he himself was heir to a lot of money. It's quite true that it comes to me. He always said he should leave it to me, and, as a matter of fact, I believe he made out some kind of a will which two of the servants witnessed. I don't know whether it was legal, of course."

"Just a moment!" interposed Hugh. "What is all this about Carter's expectations? Something was said about them the other day but

where are you supposed to come into it?"

"It's Wally's Aunt Clara," explained Mary. "She's been in a lunatic asylum for years, but she's frightfully rich, and Wally was her next-of-kin. I believe she's going on for eighty, so she must die fairly soon. Not that I ever set much store by it. I mean, Wally's expectations were practically a family joke."

"But it's you who'll come into the money now that Mr. Carter's dead?" said the inspector.

"Yes, I suppose so. I hadn't really thought about it," replied Mary, looking rather scared.

"Do you mind if we get this straightened out?" said Hugh. "I frankly haven't got the hang of it. What relation to you is this aunt of Carter's?"

"Oh, she isn't my aunt!"

"No; that I'd grasped. How does this relationship work?"

"Well, I don't think it does really. She's a Carter, you see. I suppose, in a way, I'm connected with her through Wally, but she isn't actually a relation. She wasn't actually Wally's aunt, either, though he always called her aunt. She was a cousin."

Hugh said patiently: "What exactly was your relationship to Carter?"

"I was his first cousin. My father's elder sister married Wally's father." "Then you've no Carter blood at all?"

"Oh no, none!"

"In that case," said Hugh, "it's just as well that you never set much store by Aunt Clara's money. You won't get it."

"Won't I? Are you sure?" Mary sounded bewildered.

"How you must be enjoying your-

self!" said Vicky, addressing herself to Hugh. "You practically couldn't be more blighting. Poor Mary, do you mind frightfully?"

"No, I don't think so. It never really entered my calculations."

"I'm bound to say this is all very surprising," said the inspector. "I suppose you're sure of your facts, sir?"

"Of course I'm sure! A man can't bequeath property which he doesn't possess."

"Well, but who will get it?" asked Mary. "After all, I was Wally's nearest surviving relative!"

"That has nothing to do with it. When the old lady dies, the money will go to her next-of-kin. You don't come into it at all."

"But, Hugh, she hasn't got any next-of-kin now that Wally's dead! I know Wally told me she was an only child, and she certainly never got married."

"My dear girl, it doesn't make the least difference to you. You're out of it altogether. Sorry, but there it is!"

"Is that the law?" said Vicky incredulously.

"That, my fair one, is the law," replied Hugh.

"Well, I think it's all for the best," said Vicky, "and a complete sell for Alexis, because the inspector now sees that Mary hadn't got a motive. Don't you, inspector?"

"No," said Mary. "No, it doesn't clear me, because I didn't know about this next-of-kin business. Oh dear, what a nightmare it's beginning to be! But surely you can't think I'd shoot my cousin!"

"Darling Mary, no one who'd ever

seen you with a gun could possibly think you'd fired a shot in your life," said Vicky.

"It's a funny thing, but it's not often you'll find a lady who won't behave as though she thought a gun would bite her," remarked the inspector. "But I understand you're not like that, miss?"

Vicky's seraphic blue eyes surveyed him for a moment. "Did the Prince tell you that?" she asked softly.

"It doesn't matter who told me, miss. Do you shoot?"

"No! I mean, yes, in a way I do," said Vicky, becoming flustered all at once. "But I practically never hit anything! Do I, Mary? Mary, you know it was only one of my acts, and I'm not really a good shot at all! If I hit anything, it's quite by accident. Mary, why are you looking at me like that?"

Mary, who had been taken by surprise by the sudden loss of poise in Vicky, stammered: "I wasn't! I mean, I don't know what you're talking about!"

"You think I did it!" Vicky cried, springing to her feet. "You've always thought so! Well, you can't prove it, any of you! You'll never be able to prove it!"

"Vicky!" gasped Mary, quite horrified.

Vicky brushed her aside, and turned tempestuously upon the inspector. "The dog isn't evidence. He often doesn't bark at people. I don't wear hair-clips. I'd nothing to gain, nothing! Oh, leave me alone, leave me alone!"

The inspector's bright, quick-glancing eyes, which had been fixed on her with a kind of birdlike interest, moved towards Mary, saw on her face a look of the blankest astonishment, and finally came to rest on Hugh, who seemed to be torn between anger and amusement.

Vicky, who had cast herself down on the sofa, raised her face from her hands, and demanded: "Why don't you say something?"

"I haven't had time to learn my part, miss," replied the inspector, promptly.

"Inspector, it's a privilege to know you!" said Hugh.

Vicky said fiercely, between her teeth: "If you ruin my act, I'll murder you!"

"Look here, miss, I haven't come here to play at amateur theatricals," protested the inspector. "Nor this isn't the moment to be larking about!"

Vicky flew up off the sofa. "Answer me, answer me! I was on the scene of the crime, wasn't I?"

"So I've been told, but if you were to ask me—"

"My dog didn't bark. That's important. That other inspector saw that, and you do, too. Don't you?"

"I don't deny it's a point. It's a very interesting point, what's more, but it doesn't necessarily mean—"

"I can shoot. Anyone will tell you that! I'm not afraid of guns."

"You don't seem to be afraid of anything," said Hemingway with some asperity. "In fact, it's a great pity you're not because the way you're carrying on trying to convict yourself of murder is highly confusing, and will very likely land you in trouble!"

"There is a case against me, isn't there? You didn't think so at first, but the Prince told you that I could shoot, and you began to wonder. Didn't you?"

"All right, we'll say I did, and there is a case against you. Anything for a quiet life!"

Vicky stamped her feet. "Don't laugh. If I'm not a suspect, you must be mad. Quick, I can hear my mother coming. Am I a suspect or am I not?"

"Very well, miss, since you will have it! You are a suspect!"

"Angel!" breathed Vicky, with the most melting look through her lashes, and turned towards the door. Ermyntrude came in. Before any one could speak, Vicky had cast herself upon the maternal bosom. "Oh mother, mother, don't let them!"

The inspector opened his mouth and shut it again. Mary said indignantly: "Vicky, it's not fair! Stop it!"

Ermyntrude clasped her daughter in her arms. Over Vicky's golden head she cast a flaming look at Hemingway.

"What have you been saying to her?" she demanded, in a voice that would have made a braver man than Hemingway quail. "Tell me this instantly!"

"It isn't his fault!" sobbed Vicky. "Alexis told him about my shooting, and being on the scene. Oh, mother, I knew all along Alexis thought I'd done it, but I never, never thought he'd set the police on me!"

"Oh!" said Mary, in a choking voice.

"Alexis told you?" Ermyntrude said terribly.

"Look here, ma'am—"

"You called to me, Trudinka," said the Prince, appearing suddenly in the doorway. "Ah, but what is this? What has distressed the little Vicky?"

He encountered a look from the widow which made him take an involuntary step backwards.

"Answer me this!" commanded Ermyntrude. "What have you been saying about my child to that man?"

"But Trudinka—"

"Don't you call me Trudinka! What did you say to that man?"

"I said nothing. But nothing declared the Prince, the smile quite vanished from his face. "If he has told you that I said a word about Vicky, it is a lie!"

Inspector Hemingway, whose senses were reeling, discovered the breaking-point of his admirer's temper. "I've had more than enough of you!" he said. "Not say a word about her. Oh, didn't you, indeed?" Ermyntrude extended an arm towards the Prince in the most superb gesture of her life: "Out, my sight!" she said. "You viper!"

Please turn to page 26



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WELL, THERE, MOTHER! I WAS BORN WITH A FOLLY. I'VE BEEN ACQUAINTED WITH THE GIBBS-KIDS' KORNER SINCE I WAS A BABY. I'VE BEEN AROUND THE KITCHEN ON DECK.

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FROM

moment the situation developed with such rapidity, and rose to such heights of dramatic fervor, that Mary and Hugh and the inspector could do nothing but retire into the background. Ermytrude certainly dominated the stage, but the Prince, no mean performer, very nearly stole the scene from her once he had recovered from his first stupefaction.

"Above all else, I am a mother!" Ermytrude declared. She then said that she felt herself to be seeing Alexis for the first time, and announced in tragic accents that she had been a blind fool.

The Prince countered by assuring her that he had been grossly misunderstood by the inspector, who was a dunderhead; but any mollifying effect that this might have had was at once ruined by Vicky, who accused him of wanting to get her out of the way.

This made the Prince lose his temper, and he found himself in the middle of a violent quarrel with his persecutor before he had time to reflect that to call heaven to witness that she was a liar, a mischief-maker, and an unprincipled baggage was scarcely likely to assuage her mother's wrath.

"Ah, what am I saying?" he cried hastily. "No, no, I do not mean it! But when you try to come between me and this dear Ermytrude, I grow mad, I do not know what I say! For I love her, do you see? I love her!"

"A fine way to show me you love me!" said Ermytrude. "Standing there insulting my baby! Oh, my eyes are opened at last. Don't touch me!"

"Duchinka, be calm!" implored the Prince. "It is a plot to undo me. Do not heed this foolish Vicky. She is jealous, but that I understand, and I forgive. You cannot

think that I would seek to harm one who is dear to you!"

"Don't you talk to me," said Ermytrude. "You try to fling my Vicky to the wolves!"

"Yes, I thought it wouldn't be long before I got cast for a part in this," said the inspector, in a gloomy undertone.

"But I did not fling her to the wolves. It is false, quite false! Merely, when the police would have accused me, I said, to laugh to scorn the idea. As well accuse Miss Panshawe, or Miss Cliffe! You see? To show the folly of it!"

Unfortunately, Ermytrude seized on only one point of this explanation. "You dare to tell me you tried to drag Mary into it, too? Well, never did I think to live to see the day when a Prince would behave like a cad. The idea of trying to put the blame on to two innocent girls, when for all we know it was you who shot Wally, just because I told you I didn't hold with divorce."

"And if you think that I'd marry a man who comes to me with his hands red with my husband's blood, you've got a very funny idea of me."

The Prince showed signs of being about to tear his hair. "But I did not kill your husband! I defy you to say such a thing!"

"Then don't let me hear you insinuating that my girl had anything to do with it! No, nor Mary either, for if anyone's behaved like a daughter to me I'm sure she has, and not a word will I hear against her!"

"Yet it is this quiet, good Mary who benefits by Carter's death!" said the Prince, nettled into taking another false step.

"It's not true! Mary won't inherit Clara Carter's fortune!" said Vicky. "Hugh says so!"

"She won't?" said Ermytrude, momentarily diverted. "Well, I do not think that a shame! Not that I ever believed in Wally's precious Aunt Clara, because, if you ask me, there isn't any such person. And whatever the rights of it, I call it a real ungentlemanly thing to try to put the blame of Wally's death on to a couple of girls!"

Nothing that the Prince could say had the power to move her from this standpoint, and as he had, in fact, tried to do exactly what she accused him of, and was hampered in his denials by the inspector's presence, he soon found himself in a very awkward position, and ended by looking his head and recommending the inspector to ask himself why the murdered man's relatives desired so palpably to discredit him.

It was not necessary for Vicky to fan the flames kindled by this unwary hand. The scene rocketed into the realms of melodrama, with Ermytrude holding the centre of the stage, and the Prince trying to deliver an impassioned speech which was invariably interrupted at the third word.

Mary made one attempt to intervene, for she recognised the signs of rising hysteria in Ermytrude, and guessed that this unleashed rage was to a great extent the outcome of overstrained nerves. Neither of the combatants paid the least attention to her soothing remarks, and so she retired again into the background, and told Vicky that she ought to be ashamed of herself.

The inspector glanced towards the door, measuring his chances of escape, but before he had made up his mind to risk the attempt, a fresh actor appeared upon the scene. Dr. Chester stood upon the threshold, surveying the room.

"What in the name of all that's wonderful is the matter?" he asked. "Oh, Maurice, thank goodness you've come!" cried Mary, hurrying across the room towards him. "Oh, for pity's sake, do something!"

He took her hand, but looked toward Ermytrude. "What is it?" he asked.

Her wrath had exhausted Ermytrude. She collapsed suddenly on to the sofa, and burst into tears.

"Ask him! Ask him what he said about my Vicky!" she sobbed. "Oh, I've never been so deceived in anyone in my life!"

The Prince at once burst into speech, but as his agitation had made him forget his English, no one, least of all the doctor, could understand much of what he said.

It was Mary who gave the doctor a hurried account of the quarrel. He betrayed neither surprise nor indignation, but merely said that

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 24

since the situation was clearly impossible, he thought the Prince had better come and stay at his house until after the inquest.

Ermytrude, who was weeping on Vicky's shoulder, lifted her head to say in a broken voice that she was sure she didn't want to hurry the Prince's departure, but Mary threw the doctor a look of heartfelt gratitude, and took the Prince aside to explain to him that Ermytrude's nerves were in such a state she feared a breakdown, and thought he would be better out of the house.

Finally, the Prince went upstairs to superintend the packing of his suitcase; Ermytrude was reassured with brandy and smelling-salts; and the rest of the party, with the exception of Vicky, who stayed to hold her mother's hand, withdrew into the hall.

Mary said: "I'll never forget this, Maurice, never! You are the truest friend anyone ever had!"

"Well, I think I'd better be getting along," said Hugh. "Can I give you a lift, inspector?"

"No, thank you, sir. The police car's waiting for me. Now, I don't want to worry you, miss, but just tell me one thing! Was Mrs. Carter thinking of divorcing her husband,

She noticed the inspector, half-hidden in the shadows beyond the shaft of light coming through the open door. "Oh, you weren't meant to hear that! I daresay it doesn't matter actually, but I do rather feel that it's time you went home."

"Thanks to you, miss, I'm feeling very much the same myself. I suppose you didn't happen to think when you were carrying on like that, that there might be two ways of looking at that big act of yours?"

"There aren't two ways of looking at the Prince," said Vicky positively. "Anyone can see that he's utterly apocryphal, besides being a complete adder."

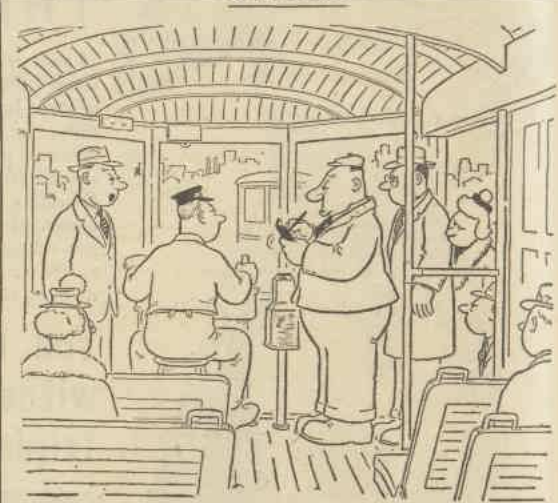
"We won't go into that," said the inspector. "What I meant was, that you were so anxious to get me to say I'd a case against you to suit your own ends, that you perhaps didn't stop to think whether I might really have a case against you?"

"That's nonsense!" Hugh said quickly.

The inspector looked at him. "Oh, is it? What makes you so sure of that, sir?"

"I saw Miss Panshawe when she came up from the bridge. If she had just shot her stepfather, she's a better actress than she's yet given me any reason to suppose."

ALFRED



"You're holding up the queue, Alfred. Couldn't you just as well enter the tram fare in your budget book after you've sat down?"

or was she not?"

"No, no, of course she wasn't!" replied Mary. "She told me quite definitely that nothing would induce her to."

"Thank you, that's all I wanted to know," said Hemingway, and left the house in Hugh Dering's wake.

In the porch he drew in a long breath, and said: "Talk about the old Lyceum! Why, it was nothing to it! Don't you run away, sir! I want you to tell me just what that young terror was playing at! I don't mind owning I didn't see my way at all."

"I warned you that you were in for a shock," grinned Hugh.

"Seems to me you'd better have warned me to bring along my trick cycle," retorted the inspector. "Quite out of the picture I was. What was it all about, that's what I'd like to know?"

"Miss Panshawe," said Hugh carefully, "does not wish her mother to marry Prince Varashahvili."

"Well, I'm bound to say she shows sense," remarked the inspector. "All the same, you'd think the girl could think of some way of getting rid of him without putting on a three-reel drama, wouldn't you? The nerve of her dragging me into her antics! Not but what it was a highly talented performance. She's got more brain than I gave her credit for."

At this moment Vicky came out of the house.

"Oh, good, you haven't gone!" she said, addressing Hugh. "It's suddenly dawned on me that it's very nearly eight o'clock. You'd better stay to dinner, because you'll be frightfully late if you go back to the Manor. Besides, we may as well think out a good plan of campaign while we have the chance."

"Well, you needn't spoil it!" said Vicky indignantly. "What about the act I've just put on? I thought it went awfully well, and though you may not know it, it isn't everyone who can cry real tears in an act. I did!"

"Why didn't your dog bark, miss?" "I can't think, and it's bothered me a lot," replied Vicky frankly. "Does that look as though I must have done it? Shall you arrest me?"

"Go inside, you impossible brat!" said Hugh, grasping her by the arm and twisting her round. "You don't want her, do you, Inspector?"

"No, sir, you're more than welcome," replied Hemingway.

To be continued

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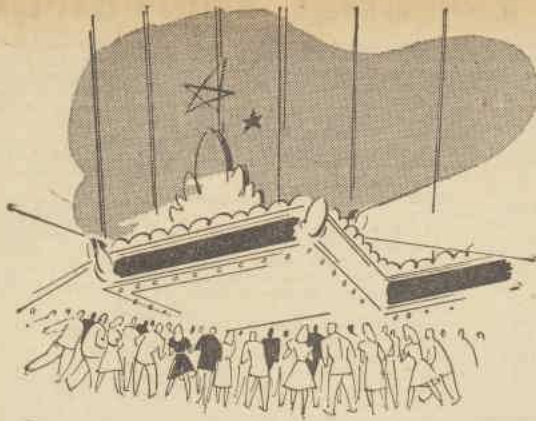
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FOR a minute Claire hesitated, then she shrugged. "Well, and so? I'll admit it. I am. I haven't really laughed since he walked out. I thought I wouldn't care. I thought—well, the old career, you know. I thought it meant more to me. I know better now. I'll sell you my career for a song. Not that it isn't all right in its way—it just doesn't warm the heart."

It was as simple as that—to Claire. She seemed to think she was a law unto herself. Nora supposed it was no use losing her temper. "And what about me?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I wasn't thinking about you at all," Claire admitted. "Not that I don't like you, lamb." She smiled suddenly, warmly. "Look, let's stop trying to be brittle, or whatever. I'm very much in earnest about this. You're exactly the sort of second wife I knew Kim would pick out on the rebound. But you're

not his type at all. Kim always liked 'em big, brash, bold, and indifferent. Don't ask me why. I suspect he's naive."

Nora began to sputter. "And so you thought you had only to come back—?"

"Well, what do you think?" Claire asked confidently.

There was something in that. Nora admitted inwardly. Nora knew Kim. She'd never had any trouble with him before, but what was it he'd told her in the beginning? "Maybe I'd better warn you I'm the susceptible type." He smiled engagingly. "It's part of my charm."

Claire knew him even better than she did. But before Nora could make any answer, Kim's key turned in the lock, and a moment later he walked into the room.

"What makes?" he inquired, look-

That Essential Ingredient

Continued from page 5

ing from Claire to his wife, and back again.

Nora was surprised at her own calmness. "I was just telling Claire that I won't be able to go to the luncheon, after all."

Claire said nothing.

"Well, hey!" Kim protested. "What's this?"

"Do you want your friends seeing me looking as though I'd just fallen off a broomstick?" Nora asked lightly. "If I'm to do you proud at the dinner-to-night I'll have to have my hair set."

"Oh!" Kim looked dubious. Or—relieved?

Nora waited till Kim and Claire had left, still protesting faintly at her desertion. Then, a grim look about her mouth, she went to the telephone and dialed a number.

"Powder Box? Let me talk to Jean—the little one—the one who smiles all the time."

Nora spent a busy afternoon, and when she finished she didn't go home. She went instead to her sister's house.

She deliberately waited till late that afternoon, when she was sure Claire and Kim had changed and were ready to leave for dinner, before she telephoned home.

"Where in—where are you?" Kim shouted. "We've been waiting for—"

"Darling, I'm sorry," Nora felt very Machiavellian. "I'm at Lucille's. The decorator delayed me."

"Well, wait there then, and we'll pick you up."

Nora had it planned. "No, you and Claire go on. I'll take a taxi over."

She finally shouted down Kim's protest. And then she dressed at her leisure. When she was finished, she admired the result in the wardrobe mirror, deciding that she really did look superb. The beige crepe was skin-tight, and the golden leather belt made nothing of her waist.

And Jean had done a marvellous job. Hair, skin, eyes. Of course, nothing could be done about her tip-tilted nose.

But the eyelashes were wonderful. They almost compensated for the nose. She only hoped they'd stay on. True, they made her feel as if she were peering through a hedge, but they certainly added a badly needed note of glamor.

Nora left in a glow, determined to make an entrance.

The result was all she could have asked. Or almost all.

The dinner was over before she arrived purposely late, and the orchestra was tuning up. Claire was standing in the middle of a little group, and Kim was at her right, beaming in a manner that Nora privately labelled revolting. But she forced herself to smile coolly, until they looked up. Kim saw her first, where she was holding the pose at the top of a short flight of stairs. Even from there she could hear him.

"For Pete's sake!" he said.

Claire turned to look. Nora, her heart pounding, could see her eyes making rapid inventory. "The 'Kiss me, my fool' dress. The upswipe hair. The gold earrings."

There was a dazed look in Kim's eyes as he came forward. "What have you done to yourself, for Pete's sake?" But he was recovering rapidly. He smiled, and quoted, "Enter Adventures, heavily veiled!" And then he had to spoil the whole thing by adding, "I must say you look rather cute."

"I do not look cute!" Nora said frigidly. "I look world-weary."

"She looks world-weary," Kim explained solemnly to Claire.

There was a peculiar expression on Claire's face. But she said as if she meant it, "Darling, you look marvellous!"

It was very satisfactory. Nora couldn't have been happier. But the triumph didn't last. It wasn't very long, in fact, before everything started going wrong.

It began with Kim.

"I've had a brainwave," he said. "I've asked Claire to stay on a few days, instead of dashing off to-morrow morning."

That was a brilliant idea, Nora wondered if he had any more. But opposition was useless, so she said, "Of course, Claire, do."

Claire was amused. "Well, then, I will," she said coolly.

The evening went rapidly on from bad to worse. It went on to Mr. Pearson. He asked Nora to dance, though she wished she could run and hide. Not that he wasn't an old darling, but she'd seen him on the dance floor earlier. His gyrations were like nothing on earth. But he was, after all, Kim's boss. She couldn't refuse. She had to submit as gracefully as possible, watching with a sinking heart as Kim danced away with Claire.

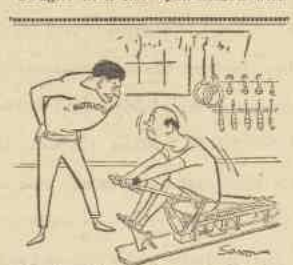
Mr. Pearson's idea of the light fantastic was to hop very rapidly on alternate feet, sawing Nora's outstretched arm wildly all the time.

After minutes, eons, Nora could feel her hair-do slipping from its moorings. And there was something obscuring the vision of her left eye in a most annoying fashion. But she had no opportunity to investigate. She could only hang on to Mr. Pearson for dear life, and hope for the best. Maybe she could repair the damage later.

But of course the music stopped when they were right alongside Claire and Kim.

The two were smiling at her wickedly, and when Mr. Pearson, mopping his brow, turned to speak to someone, Claire laughed. "You look like the aftermath of a high wind, duck."

And Kim hissed dramatically: "Caught with her eyelashes down!"



"You're three miles out. You've got Joan Crawford with you. A storm is coming up. Are you going to yell for help, or are you going to row her to safety?"

Nora put up a stricken hand. The eyelashes! That was what had been flapping in front of her left eye! She smiled valiantly through a haze. She wouldn't cry! Somehow she made her way to the powder room, ripped off the offending lashes, and hurried them away.

Before she'd turned, she'd seen Claire looking fixedly at Kim. Intently, as if to say, "You see? If you will rob cradles!"

Nora felt sick. What a fool she'd been! She'd only made herself look ridiculous. Her small mouth straightened. Well, she'd tried. And she'd lost. But she wouldn't leave Kim with the memory of a plaintive whiner. She'd be sporting about this if it killed her.

Which it very probably would.

There remained only the rest of the evening to get through somehow. It was mercifully short, or perhaps it only seemed so, and when they reached home, at long last, Claire luckily was in no mood to sit around discussing the evening's triumphs.

"Well, kids, it's me for the hay," she announced. "Or I'll look like a hag in the morning."

Her face was drawn and she did look a little tired. But no doubt she was feeling smugly triumphant.

Kim was off to sleep the minute his head hit the pillow, as usual. But Nora spent most of the night crying into a small wet spot on her pillow.

Mornings had always followed a pattern, more or less. Nora would awaken first and try to get Kim up. But this morning was different. And Nora was glad. Claire and Kim were up before her. And they were quarrelling noisily in the living-room.

Nora looked at the bedside clock, and gasped. Kim would be terribly late. She flung on a wrap and slippers, and hurried out.

"What's the matter?" she asked. The other two had assumed something absurdly like fighting stance.

Kim transferred his glare from Claire to Nora. "She's not staying. She's taking the morning train, she says." The scowl returned to Claire.

CLAIRE said lightly, "I've changed my mind."

Kim started moving round making a terrific job as he always did of picking up keys, wallet, briefcase, finding his hat. "I haven't time to argue with her. You persuade her to stay, baby. Hear me?"

Nora muttered something, unable to think clearly, feeling young and inexperienced. Was this a clever move of some kind on Claire's part? Was she going to give Kim a chance to realise how much he would miss her? Why else would Claire be leaving now?

Kim slammed out in the manner of a car going round a corner on its wheels. And Claire refused to leave to reason. Though Nora, obedient to the bitter end, did her best to persuade her to stay. She tried, she honestly tried. She could tell that to Kim.

But Claire paid her no heed. She was packing her cases, together they were thrusting them into the car. It was almost as if Claire didn't want time to talk, time to think. Nora couldn't have been more baffled.

In all their haste they were early for the train. They sat there in silence in the car, parked diagonally in front of the red brick station platform.

Claire spoke first, staring straight ahead of her. "I hate me this morning. I'd like to kick myself from here to there."

Nora looked sideways. Claire said: "I wonder if you know why I'm pulling out?"

Nora's hands tightened on the steering-wheel. She swallowed carefully before she said, "I hope what you just said about kicking yourself doesn't mean you've decided to be—generous."

She couldn't stand having Kim on those terms.

But Claire was looking at her indignantly. "For the love of Mike! Do I look like the sort of naive female who goes round making glib gestures?"

She sounded so outraged that even Nora had to laugh. But she forgot herself to say honestly, "If you stayed, I think you could win him back. You must know that."

"Thanks, child," Claire smiled a little. "This does things for a battered ego. But it doesn't happen to be true. I know when I'm licked."

Licked? Nora hoped her mouth wasn't hanging open.

"I knew it last night," Claire went on. "When your eyelashes—er—came unbuttoned."

She giggled mischievously, and Nora, after an uncomfortable wince, laughed feebly before she said, "I never get over the hideous memory of last night."

"You see," Claire said, "I saw Kim look at you then. And in his eye was something that they never hold for me. That essential ingredient, tenderness. I knew then I didn't have a chance. He loves you terribly. You've been good for him. You need him, and I think it's make the boy grow up."

Nora was having trouble with her lower lip. Claire pulled out a compact and inspected her face. Whatever she saw in the mirror gave her no thrill, judging from her expression.

The train pulled in then, its engine throbbing as it slowed.

"Good-bye, duck," Claire was out of the car, giving the porter her cases. "I don't suppose we'll ever meet again, but be good." She paused and smiled. There was kindness, stark, in her eyes as she added softly, "No—be happy!"

Then she was running lightly across the platform, disappearing into the train. And Nora sat there long after the train pulled out, feeling the sharp sting of tears, a thickness in her throat.

Kim had been right. Claire was a good scout after all.

But she mustn't sit here all day! She finally started for home. And she saw for the first time that it was a wonderful day. A marvellous day! Funny she hadn't noticed it before. It made her feel full of ambition and energy. She'd turn out the house, she'd make a pie. Yes—she'd make a steak-and-kidney pie for him.

"And I hope it lays him out," she thought, a little vindictively.

But her eyes were soft. And her heart was stringing.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—June 7, 1962

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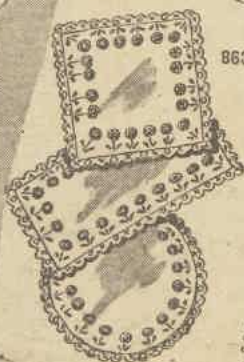
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This charming nightgown will team beautifully with No. 861, and it is traced self-brocaded rayon lingerie crepe in shades of peach, pale blue, and champagne. The skirt is gracefully panelled, coming high up under the bustline, and the top is outlined with a trim of self material. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust, 22/11 (3 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 23/6 (3 coupons). Postage 1/3d. extra.

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These attractive doyleys are traced ready for you to work in good wearing British cotton in lovely shades of pink, blue, pale green, and lemon. Sizes: 8in. x 8in., 11in. x 8in., and 11in. x 11in. Price: 9d. each. Postage: 1/3d. extra.
When ordering Needlework Notions please make second color choice to avoid disappointment.



863



F4680

F4681



F4682

F4677.—Pretty feminine blouse for your winter suits and skirts. Note neat, flattering tucks and perky, high-buttoning collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/8.

F4678.—Two cheeky bows of either spotted material for day wear or plain fabric scattered with sequins for evening set this frock up as the most wearable of your wardrobe. Pattern may be obtained for either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. wide, and 1 yd. contrast 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4679.—The eye-catching suit of the season is the one with the cut-away coat. The tie, gathers, and fullness at back waistline all accentuate its importance. Pattern may be obtained for either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4680.—Just a wee bit o' Scotch is the highlight of this simply designed frock. Pattern may be obtained for either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. wide, and 1 yd. contrast 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4681.—Only the banded yoke and neat Peter Pan collar deviate from the smart tailored lines of this suit to make it a welcome addition to your daytime wear. Pattern may be obtained for either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. wide, and 1 yd. contrast 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4682.—You'll look new and different in this softly gathered frock with youthful interlacing on bodice and skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Pattern, 1/8.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice.

• Wives who are otherwise happy often complain of thoughtlessness on the part of their husbands. Neglect in small matters can be hurtful, but it should not be regarded too seriously.

Men who are always polite in small things do not always make the best husbands.

WE can all make an effort to train the men of the next generation to be more thoughtful, as well as to be good husbands.

A mother in whose home Mother's Day was ignored wrote this letter:

"I HAVE a husband and two children, a boy aged eight and a girl of six, but on Mother's Day they did not even give me a white flower or a good wish. My husband 'forgets' my birthdays and anything else which might cost him a penny, or even a kind thought. We are not poor, and I am a mother who puts family and home before anything. What attitude should I take in the future?"

Few mothers have not at some time had to face a similar disappointment and hurt to yours. Your children are too young to be expected to make the little gestures of love which mean so much to a woman, unless these are first suggested to them.

But if you continue to deserve their love as you are doing, I am sure that as they grow older they will express their gratitude in many ways.

Your husband is in a different category, but his is by no means an isolated case. Some men, because of selfishness, and sometimes self-consciousness, refuse to observe sentimental customs.

Their upbringing is partly to blame

for this, and they do not realise how important these little things can be to a woman.

But if he is a good husband in other ways, be grateful and concentrate on teaching the children a different outlook.

"I AM 19 years of age, and recently attended a party in honor of a girl's 21st birthday, and for the first time in my life I accepted some 'hard' drinks. It was difficult to refuse, and I wanted to be in the fun. By midnight I had had too much, and when I came home mother was waiting up for me. She was disgusted, gave me a severe spanking with a hairbrush. This is the first time I have been spanked for many years. Surely a girl of 19 is too old to be spanked. Am I too young to be drinking?"

I think your pride has suffered more by the spanking than the incident that brought the spanking about. Personally, I disagree entirely with physical punishment for girls past childhood, but I think your mother's treatment should not be so humiliating to you as the knowledge that you had had too much to drink.

You are old enough to know that unaccustomed drinking could have a most unpleasant effect, and you did not show much commonsense when you had one too many.

A glass of sherry, or perhaps a drink when the guest of the evening was being toasted, would have been enough.

At 19 you are certainly too young to drink any considerable quantity of alcohol, and the people who gave the party are much to blame.

Drinking in the sense you refer to is not only unnecessary, but extremely dangerous for a girl of your age, as it often breaks down standards of behaviour which the person concerned normally observes.

"I HAVE been happily married for 12 years, and my husband and I have agreed on most matters. The past few months he has changed. We had a quarrel, and he said he was crazy over another woman, but as far as she was concerned he didn't exist. She loves her own husband. She is an extraordinary woman, quite plain, but has a lovely voice and manner. How should I deal with the situation?"

Ignore it. Your husband is going through a phase which comes to many men after a number of years of happy married life, but they usually get over it if their wives are wise enough to treat it with a sense of proportion.

You are fortunate that your husband's interest has fallen upon this type of woman and not upon another who might try to break up your home.

"A FRIEND of mine is to be married at 6 p.m., and the bridegroom, best man, and groomsmen are wearing just ordinary navy lounge suits, and are thinking of wearing white stiff-front shirts and white bow ties. Is this correct?"

Nowadays when, after years in uniform, so many men are without

When writing for advice on your problem...

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column. Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098 WW, G.P.O., Sydney. She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

dinner or evening suits. It is permissible to wear a navy lounge suit to an evening wedding—but never with a stiff shirt and white tie.

A plain white shirt should be worn with an ordinary dark tie. With a dinner suit a stiff shirt and black tie is worn, and only with "tails" the stiff shirt and white tie.

"I MET a boy who fell in love with me. I treated him only as a friend. He went overseas, and since he has been away I have fallen in love with another boy who I know loves me. The first one is returning home soon. I should like to know what to do."

As you have made no promise to the first boy and are not in love with him, you really have no problem. If he seeks you out on his return explain the position to him.

He will probably not take it as badly as you fear he may. Some girls think young men are more single-hearted than, I am afraid, they really are.

"IS it correct to have a flower-girl when a bridesmaid is also in attendance at a wedding? Would a girl of nine or ten years be too old? What are the duties of a flower-girl, and her place at the church and reception? Could she follow the bride into the church, and carry her train, the bridesmaid entering first?"

It is quite correct to have a flower-girl and a bridesmaid and I don't

think nine or ten too old for the role. The duties of a flower-girl are decorative rather than practical, but it is quite usual for her to do as you suggest.

It is also permissible for the bridesmaid to enter first. At the altar the flower-girl would stand next to the bridesmaid and could sit next to her at the bridal table.

"I AM 20, my husband is 22, and we have a beautiful daughter of one year. My husband served in the Merchant Navy, and has now joined the R.A.A.F. We are living with his mother, with whom I get on well. My husband goes out now and leaves me, staying out all day and night. When he comes back he asks me to forgive him, as he has been out with his mates. He has left me three times, but I have taken him back. Should I leave him?"

It would be a very serious step to break up your marriage. As long as your husband does not ill-treat you and contributes to your support, you are better off than you would be if you were to leave him, when you would have to earn a living for yourself and daughter.

This, of course, is only looking at the problem in terms of money. More important is the keeping of your husband's love and a happy home for yourself and daughter.

Your husband is very young—too young, in my opinion, to have married—and that is probably the cause of the trouble.



AUNT JENNY SAYS

I declare it was a real thrill just to handle this 119 Y^R OLD SERVIETTE

READ THE EXCITING STORY OF MRS. DALLISON'S 1827 HEIRLOOM SERVIETTE, USED OFTEN AND WASHED REGULARLY WITH VELVET SOAP. (Original letter on our files.)

1. "119 YEARS AGO," writes Mrs. J. Dallison, Woollahra, N.S.W., "my grandfather had woven to order, in Ireland, a dinner set of which this serviette is a part. His name was Richard Crow, an auctioneer who did business for many of the titled gentry of England. His slogan was 'While I Live I Crow'—that's why the roosters and 'R.C.' are woven into the design."

2. "LOOK, AUNT JENNY," says Mrs. Dallison, "feel the quality of this hand-woven red linen—and the colour hasn't faded a bit. That's because I've always washed it in Velvet suds ever since it was handed down to me."

3. "I ALSO HAVE a hand-embroidered Chinese supper cloth which is over 30 years old and still good as new, thanks to Velvet," continues Mrs. Dallison. "Why, I could go on and on telling you about Velvet—I just couldn't do without it. It's as good as an extra pair of hands on washdays!"

4. WHY RUB AND SCRUB YOUR LINENS THIN? THAT MAY BE THE ONLY WAY WHEN YOU USE SOAPS THAT GIVE MEASLY WEARY-WILLIE SUDS BUT...

5. WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN GROUND-IN GRIME COMES AWAY EASILY... SAFELY. ITS EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE LINENS LAST FOR YEARS

Velvet Soap

Tune in every morning Mon. to Thurs. "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"



V.146.81



END IRREGULARITY

this gentle **NATURAL** way



*No medicines needed — just nut-sweet,
healthful Kellogg's All-Bran*

Your health depends on what you eat . . .
Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and
maintain daily regularity . . . *no medicines needed*



True-to-life story

of Mrs. I. Carew, Panania, N.S.W.

"Back to regular health."



1. "For many years I was troubled with constipation. I tried just about everything . . ."



3. "Then some time ago a friend of mine recommended your 'All-Bran'. I didn't think a food could cure constipation but I bought a packet just the same."



2. "I was really worried about my health."



4. "Before I had finished the second packet I was back to regular health. I eat 'All-Bran' every morning with milk and sugar and I've never been troubled with constipation since."
(Mrs.) I. CAREW."

What it is . . .

First and most important — Kellogg's All-Bran is a food. Constipation starts with your food, so it is only natural that a food must be the right thing to correct and end constipation.

To-day's modern foods often lack bulk. Over-cooking . . . too many mushy foods . . . these keep that essential bulk out of your diet. And your system needs that bulk every day, otherwise — constipation!

NOT A
PURGATIVE —
A GENTLE
REGULATIVE
FOOD!



What it does . . .

Kellogg's All-Bran relieves constipation because it supplies this natural bulk. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

Eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning as a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Or sprinkle it over your usual breakfast cereal. Do this regularly every morning and within a week you should be regular again — otherwise you should see your doctor.

Start to-morrow morning. Get back to normal healthy regularity this gentle natural way. Kellogg's All-Bran is sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
★ Registered Trade Mark.

Figure tailoring for winter silhouette...

Readers' queries answered by our beauty expert

By CAROLYN EARLE

Probably due to the drop in temperature and the fact that natty suits, requiring neat shapes, are very much the order of the day, the bulk of the letters received in the past few weeks centre on liquefying the silhouette.

Waist... hips... thighs... calves... On this page are illustrated instructions for exercises to improve the relevant contour. After a week or two (supposing you do them at least five times weekly) bumps and bulges should be much less obvious.

OTHER problems discussed are shoulder straightening, what to do about a bow-legged condition, and advice on diet for the elderly woman. Q—My husband recently had a book on exercise sent to him; he thinks it's wonderful, and has started doing jerks every day to reduce his waist-line, and says I should do them, too. Is this all right? Should I do these exercises?—“Interested.”

A—No. In doing exercises a woman wants flexibility and grace rather than strength, long, lean, flat muscles—not bunched ones. For this reason women should take exercises that include the entire body rather than those which concentrate on the chest and arms, such as generally given in men's gymnasiums and books such as you mention.

Q—You hear so much about dieting nowadays it's hard to tell whether you are eating the right things or not; what is the proper diet for a woman of seventy?—L.J.

A—Unless medical reasons dictate a special diet, the diet for older people should be liberal in fruits,

vegetables, and protein foods; first-class proteins are found in egg-yolk, cheese, milk, and the glandular meats such as liver, kidney, brain, and sweetbread. Obviously, special emphasis should be placed on those foods. The diet should be limited in fats, sweets, and starches, as overweight should be avoided.

Q—I am in my early teens and I am troubled with hairs between my regular eyebrows. I am wondering if plucking them at my age can result in a thick layer in later life.—“Bushy Eyebrows.”

A—If you mean just a few stray hairs cluttering up the space between your eyebrows, I should say you would be quite safe in plucking them out as they appear. Naturally, they'll grow again—and you'll remove them, but they shouldn't become bothersome. Dab the skin before and after removal with an antiseptic and keep tweezers immaculate.

Most users of tweezers (and the razor) say regrowth is coarser and darker, but science doesn't back up this statement. Why not be on the safe side and use a mild bleach on the area to lighten up the color and eventually discourage the growth?

Q—The problem with which I am faced is that I am very bow-legged. My legs are not thin, and not fat. I was wondering if you could give me any exercise for this matter?—“Bandy.”

A—Numbers of girls write about the embarrassment and discomfort of bow legs. Sometimes weak and undeveloped feet and legs cause it, though improper stance, especially in young girls, is also a contributing factor; this is the habit of “back-slinging” the knees, that

is, standing with the legs apart, pushing the back of the knees out, and leaning the body weight on them.

In this position the thighs are also pushed out and the knees and feet turn in, creating gaps between the legs and thighs. Very often this strain will cause the line of the legs to bow, and a corrective is to build up the inside leg muscles.

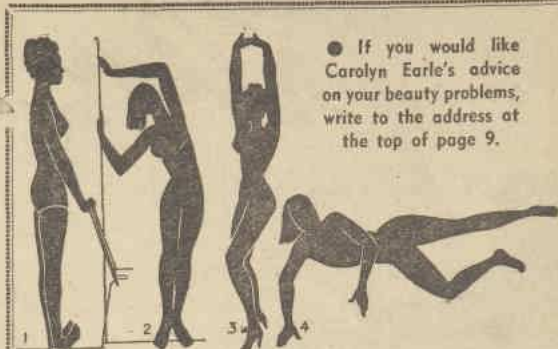
Do these two exercises conscientiously: (1) Stand with your feet close together. Now tighten the buttocks by pulling back with the muscles, slowly turning the legs out but keeping the knees and ankles together. The inside of the calves should meet as the knees turn, and the gap between the legs and thighs close. Perform this movement slowly, tightening and relaxing alternately 20 minutes a day over a period of two or three months.

(2) Build up the inside of your leg and take the strain off outside muscles by doing this routine: In stocking feet or socks on a bare floor—keep your legs straight at the knee, stand with your feet wide apart, then, without lifting the legs, push them slowly together, tensing the muscles in the calves. Spread the feet and pull together again, sliding them over the floor until the legs touch. Do this about 15 times.

Q—My chief trouble has been for years to get rid of my “side-boards.” I've tried training them, but it's no good. They come almost to the bottom of my ear. What can I do?—“Worried English Girl.”

A—I suggest your best plan would be to bleach out the color, making them less conspicuous and at the same time discouraging the

BALANCE position for a waist-reducing exercise. *Swivel from left to right, keeping hips stationary.*



● If you would like Carolyn Earle's advice on your beauty problems, write to the address at the top of page 9.

Four effective exercises

1.—Legs, ankles, feet conditioner.

FIRMLY grasp the back of a chair, and on stiff, taut legs rock back on heels, stretching the feet out **HARD**, curling toes up.

Hold this position for a minute, stretching feet way out with as much effort as possible. Now swing forward—right up on toes—feeling the stretch in the arch and ball of foot in rocking toe-wards. Hold it—keep toes tensed. Repeat heel-to-toe rock eight times.

2.—Waist diminisher.

POSITION: Stand side on to a wall, feet together, measuring the proper distance for waist “pull”; right elbow on the wall at shoulder height.

Action: Now, with the left arm above head and both hands flat on wall, lean shoulders into the wall, at the same time forcing tightened hips away from shoulders and keeping

both knees quite straight. Repeat six times each side.

3.—Diaphragm tightener.

POSITION: Stand with feet four inches apart, bend knees, push spine out back at the waistline, pull abdomen in as tightly as possible. Raise arms up straight above head, clasp hands inside out.

Action: Keeping elbows straight, push arms back as far as possible—now forward—backward and forward 20 times.

4.—Thigh slimmer.

POSITION: Lie down on right side... lean on right elbow, left hand on floor in front of chest. Straighten legs and leave them far enough front to be able to see toes.

Movement: Now bend the under knee up to your left elbow... straighten... bend... straighten. Keep thigh on floor all of the time. Fifty times one side, turn over and repeat 50 times on the other.

growth. Ammonia water is a good bleach, but note particularly that this is the dilute (or weak) solution of ammonia.

This is how it is done: (1) Thoroughly wash the area with soap and water, then rinse several times with clear water. (2) Moisten a piece of cotton-wool with ready-prepared ammonia water and apply lightly but completely over the growth area. (3) Immediately following this application, another piece of cotton-wool moistened with a fresh solution of peroxide (17 vol.) should be rubbed over the same area. This treatment is harmless, and may be repeated as often as desired.

Q—I am becoming round-shouldered. Could you give me some exercise to do to correct this?—“Teen-ager.”

A—This is a fine exercise to straighten the back and flatten shoulder-blades, based on the old-

time floor-touching routine, but with an important difference. Standing with feet 18in. apart (no heels, of course), bend from the hips, keeping arms and back in one straight line. When the entire upper half of your body is parallel to the floor, let it bend so your fingers will reach the floor. Repeat many times.

Gardener finds quick way to heal

CUTS AND SCRATCHES



I'm chief gardener in my family and do quite a nice job, even if I do say so myself! And, like most gardeners, I usually cut and scratch all in the day's work.

Last week I caught my hand on a blade of the lawnmower. "I'll give you some Rexona for that right away," my neighbour said. "You don't want any complications."



She smeared some Rexona into the cut—and also on a couple of scratches I'd collected while digging the hedge. I felt the itching effect immediately.

You're on the spot how quickly I healed! Now Rexona has a permanent place in our medicine cupboard. With my two mops always in the works, I find Rexona a real blessing.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
1/6 OINTMENT
Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.
(Jar)

Changed mops and brooms for thrills at 18,000 feet

By airmail from our London office

First woman in the world to refuel planes in the air from a flying petrol station has been given the nickname of “Flying Charlady” because her previous job was office cleaning.

WORKING away with her brooms and mops in the offices of Flight Refuelling Ltd., at Ford aerodrome in Sussex, 28-year-old Winifred Greest was scared of the planes roaring overhead and never dreamed of going up.

Now she has become a pioneer in the air and is so proficient at her new job that she demonstrates her technique to visiting air experts. “I nearly dropped my broom when an operator first asked me if I would get in a plane and go up on a demonstration flight they were making,” said Charlady Winifred.

“I gawgled hard and plucked up all my courage, because I thought it was about time I knew what it was like to go up in a plane.

“And I became so inquisitive about the refuelling operation being demonstrated that the company offered to train me as an operator—me! Well, it meant no more mopping but thrills at 18,000 feet instead.”

After only two apprentice flights the former office charlady handled her end of the job well enough to work solo. In her fur-lined flying suit, crouched in the bomb-bay of a giant airliner, Winifred lets out a 250ft. line which is caught by another line fired from the tanker plane. Then she hauls it back with a hose attached and begins to fill the airliner's petrol tanks.

“Refuelling in the air eliminates the risks for planes taking off on long trips with too heavy a load of petrol. When I think I am the first



WINIFRED GREEST, “the Flying Charlady,” ready for the air.

In a new field for women it makes me rather proud,” said Winifred.

“I have no fiance or sweetheart, so there's nobody to worry or complain when I work at night.”

Winifred's boss, air ace Sir Alan Cobham, believes the results of Winifred's demonstrations to Air Ministry officials and airline experts will have a far-reaching effect on British aviation.

I'M THAT MAD! GRITTY CLEANSERS HAVE RUINED MY LOOKS—MADE ME LOOK OLD AND RUSTY LONG BEFORE MY TIME



Clean SMOOTHLY with **VIM**—NEVER SCRATCHES



VIM'S THE THING FOR ME! ITS FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES WHISK AWAY THE GREASE AND BURN-ON FOOD—WITHOUT SCRATCHING

Ym 9.38

Friendly Invasion



U.S. TASK FORCE, 5,000 strong, spent 10 days seeing Melbourne and Sydney. Australians co-operated to give them warm welcome. Here a party of ratings has a look at Sydney's famous Harbor Bridge.



R.A.N. OFFICERS, Cmdr. H. J. Weston, D.S.C. (Melbourne) (left), and Lieut.-Cmdr. E. J. Peel, D.S.C. (Sydney), received Legion of Merit for service in Pacific from Admiral Ginder on hangar deck of Shangri-la.



COMMANDER of Task Force, Rear-Admiral S. P. Ginder, salutes visitors.



SOUVENIR HUNTERS. Q.M. Johnson and S/1st Class Cicchetto from carrier Antietam.



MARCHES of Task Force members—marines, sailors, and flying personnel—were held in Sydney and Melbourne. Thousands of Australians watched them. Here smartly turned out Marines, who led the march in Sydney, pass the Cenotaph.

Rupert of St. Little's

By HELEN FRIZELL

THE atomic age, alas, has hit the bookshelves of my schoolkid brother. Rocket feats fill book after book, young heroes don space suits instead of cricket togs, and pack ray guns in place of cream buns in their pockets.

Just how "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" or "Eric, or Little by Little" would view this demise of the grand old public-school epics of the past, my elder brother and I shudder to think.

To the memory of the Fifth and Eric we herewith nostalgically dedicate this tale of the doings of "Rupert and the Boys of St. Little's."

St. Little's was on a marshy plain, very old. Fathers used to leave their sons there, knowing that they'd get any nonsense belted out of them at the Beak.

The Beak had a study where he used to glower behind the desk when the victims came in. "Hapless Minor," he would say (Hapless being a surname), "bend over!"

Conscious of the padding of Livy and Cicero tucked into the seat of his pants, Hapless would obey.

Hapless Major was also at St. Little's, but he could not influence his brother's career. Hapless Major had "got in" with the bullies who ran the school, and was now being initiated into smoking coffin nails,

visiting the Bull and Bush after lights out. The barmaid there, however, had only given Hapless Major ginger ale. He didn't know the difference.

The boys of St. Little's were very cruel to one another. The elder ones twisted the youngsters' arms, and put nails on the master's chair, with painful results. The ones who were not cruel used to compose Latin verse, with equally painful results.

Every couple of days there used to be football practice, and Hapless Minor would run distractedly round like a bewildered rabbit.

Hap Major, resplendent in colors, striped cap, scarf, and jersey (or am I thinking of cricket togs?), just leant on the sidelines, scoffing. Hap Major had kicked the winning goal last season, and had a certain place in this year's team.

In his misery, Hapless Minor chummed up with two pals, Rollo, overfed and overfat, and Rupert, saintly and sensitive. Rollo had no thoughts higher than tucker boxes, but Rupert had ideas of reform.

His finely chiselled brow, like white marble, used to show blue veins with the effort of thinking. His thoughts were concentrated on the Beak, and the injustice dealt out by Hapless Major and the other bullies.

Hapless Minor now tagged for Bothers, a monitor, cleaning his boots, making lukewarm tea in Bothers' den, answering every time the call "Pa-a-a" rang down the passages.



Would Rupert's collar stand the test?

Rollo and Rupert were also fags. Came Old Boys' Day, and the paters' visit to the school.

While the paters were enjoying themselves that night, Bothers and Hapless Major and the rest of the gang determined on a reckless enterprise.

Bothers had dared Hapless Major to walk across the swamp at night, well knowing the dangers of the treacherous quicksands. If Hapless Major succeeded he was to be given seven ready-rolled cigarettes.

Little known to them was a pale, aesthetic face peeping from the juniors' dormitory. Rupert was awake. With veins standing purple on his high brow, he whispered to his companions, "Wake, you fellows, Hapless Major is walking across the swamp."

Lowering themselves on sheets from the window they set off at a run across the grounds of St. Little's.

Ahead ran Rupert, his lungs bursting with the effort. How he wished he had played more footer!

The villainous figures of Bothers and his companions were doubled up with mirth, as they watched Hap-

less Major skirting the quicksands with uneven tread.

A high treble cut across Hap Major's progress. It was the voice of Rupert.

"Stop, stop!" it cried. "I'll save you."

Before the startled Hap Major could reply that he didn't need help, and knew the way anyway, he saw Rupert leap over some reeds, and into the quicksands.

Rupert's horrified classmates drew up with a squeal of brakes. Before them they saw Rupert being sucked down and down.

During this time, Hap Major had been hurriedly picking his way back between the quicksands, and in the nick of time grasped Rupert by his collar.

It was a battle between two forces, the primitive force of the quicksand, and the force of Hapless Major. A lot, also, depended on whether Rupert's collar would stand the test. It did.

Hap Major lifted the lad from his premature grave, and taking him

in his arms ran across the school grounds, followed by the pesty-faced Bothers. An anguished cry burst from the lips of Rupert's father.

Laid in the school infirmary, Rupert fought for his life. Schoolboys went about their lessons hushed and sorrowing.

Hapless Major faced up to it like a man.

"If anything happens to young Rupert," he exclaimed, "I will never forgive myself for walking across the swamp for seven cigarettes."

Rupert's father in his anxiety muttered something about cigarettes being scarce in any case.

Rupert's mother arrived, a sweet-faced woman who wore violets pinned on her coat. Brokenly she knelt beside her son's bed, watching his little life, which had held so much promise, ebbing away.

Outside the school bell rang softly, its sound like a premature knell.

And at the sound, miraculously Rupert started up.

"Mother," he cried, "you're here!"

Later from her son's lips she heard the true story of cruelty, and injustice, and how Hapless Major had turned out a true-blue Briton.

Pulling a handful of glittering sovereigns from her reticule, Rupert's mother hurried in search of Hapless Major.

She found him, standing beside the stern-faced Beak, waiting for the carriage to take him away forever from St. Little's.

"He saved my Rupert," she cried. "He must not be expelled."

Grudgingly the Beak gave in, and by next term Hap had Rupert for a fag.

Never again did he bully his young brother, and his features took on an expression of strength and fortitude.

He left when he was 19, never having been particularly good at lessons.

"And to think," he said to his pater, as they left St. Little's at a spanking pace, "I could have left after the quicksand episode when I was 16 if it hadn't been for Rupert's mother!"

Hard work only formula for stage success, says noted producer

Australian glamor girls who dream of overnight stage and film success but lack training should meet American producer Carl Randall, now in Australia to produce the musical comedy, "Annie Get Your Gun."

In a few unassuming but forthright words he will dispel their dreams. For Mr. Randall, who has produced some of Broadway's biggest and most successful musical shows, does not believe in overnight stage success and the star who "springs from nowhere."

YEARS of hard work provide the only formula for success in the theatre or films, and you can be pretty certain that the overnight success will not last any longer than overnight," he said.

"An understudy may give a high point performance in the excitement of a star's sudden absence, but, unless that performance is backed by thorough training and hard work, you can be pretty sure it won't be repeated."

"Jessie Matthews is one of the few who maintained success after hitting the top as an understudy. She had a thorough knowledge of the theatre," he said.

Mr. Randall advised Australians with theatrical and film ambitions to train and work hard.

Even established stars, he said, worked long and tiring hours.

Lynn Fontanne and Katharine Cornell, in addition to their matinee and night stage appearances, usually worked five and six hours a day rehearsing new shows and reading and

discussing new plays and books.

"Acting is a 24-hour-a-day job even when you get there," he said.

Mr. Randall does not favor radio as a training ground for the stage.

"Radio tends to make perfect readers rather than good actors," he said.

The exact opposite of the Hollywood version of a musical comedy producer, Mr. Randall does not shout,

yell, or prance. His manner, voice, and dress are that of the quietly successful businessman.

His Broadway successes include "Stars in Your Eyes," starring Jimmy Durante and Ethel Merman, "Knickerbocker Holiday," with Walter Huston, "Louisiana Purchase," "Muscle Box" shows, and "High Kickers," the latter starring George Jessel and Sophie Tucker.

His London productions include "Streamline," for the famous C. B. Cochran, "Nymph Errant," starring Gertrude Lawrence, and "Gay Divorcee," which he also produced in New York.

He has produced English films starring Gracie Fields and George Formby, and spent five years with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

His MGM productions included all of the late Jean Harlow's films and "The Great Ziegfeld."

Jean Harlow, he said, was a natu-

ral blonde and never used a bleaching rinse.

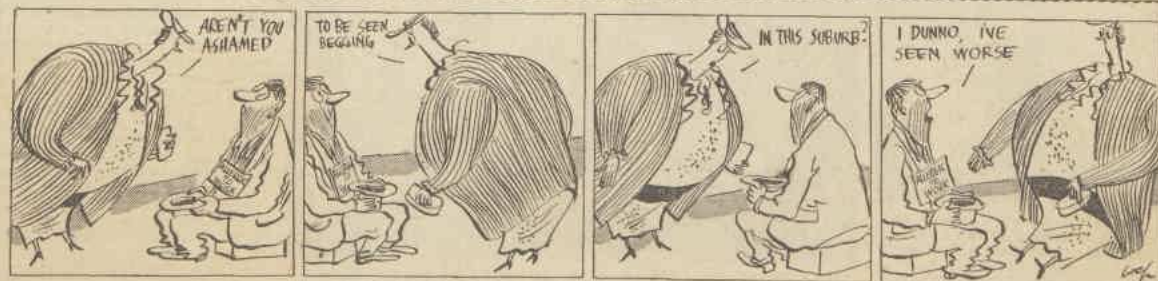
Mr. Randall spent his first day in Australia with members of the Wirth family, of circus fame, who are old friends of his.

He also visited the Taronga Park Zoo because he "just had to see those little birds of yours; you know, those koalas."

The second day he spent hearing and interviewing 40 applicants for parts in "Annie Get Your Gun," which will open in Melbourne in July.

In addition to its stars, the production calls for a large cast of individual actors and actresses as well as the usual musical comedy ensembles.

The people given audition by Mr. Randall represented a "comb-out" of 150 applications from stage and radio performers, salesgirls, beauticians, and others.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.

Hollywood's new Robin Hood teaches stars to fly

From VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Every Sunday star Jon Hall turns flying instructor and takes groups of students in eight planes for a breakfast rendezvous somewhere within a 200-mile radius of his airfield.

Chatting to Jon in his dressing-room on the set of Columbia's "Prince of Thieves," I learned more of his fascinating business venture.

STRETCHED out in an easy-chair, Jon was clad in the Lincoln-green jerkin and grey tights of the traditional Robin Hood, whom he portrays in the film.

Jon told me, "I have organised a group called The Flying Breakfast Club, which is composed of advanced students who are taking my instruction course at our Clover-leaf Training School.

"I usually have about 200 students, all getting individual instruction, and when they get their licences

they celebrate with our Sunday breakfast outing.

"We assemble at the field, then take off for San Juan, Capistrano, Palm Springs, or Santa Barbara, where we land, have a breakfast party, and see the sights of the town before flying home again.

"Last week we flew to Santa Maria, which is a little town on the way to San Francisco, and they put on a flower festival for us.

"Next week we expect to attend a rodeo."

His students fly planes known as "coucous," which are said to be simpler to fly than driving a car.

All types are represented among the students, from partially disabled soldiers to housewives and movie actors.

"I taught Robert Young to fly recently; also Claudette Colbert's husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, and now I am teaching Claudette herself," Jon said with a grin.

"She is very timid, but is determined to get a licence, as her husband has already bought a plane.

"This week I let her take the plane up after she had taxied it around the field a few times, and her fear left her.

"I think she will be a fine flier soon."

Robert Young often takes his young daughters for a flight, and Jon expects to have them for pupils in a few years.

The versatile star organised the flying-school and the selling of aeroplanes when the war ended.

He also maintains a fleet of commercial planes, which he charters to private parties for special trips or for carrying cargo.

Jon's wife, crooner Frances Langford, helps him with the business end.

Married in 1938, they are one of Hollywood's ideal couples, both having their own careers and sharing interest in each other's work.

Frances Langford toured extensively with entertainment units during the war, and visited Australia in 1944 with the Bob Hope party. Hall was a member of the U.S. Army.



South Sea roles

HALL began his acting career under contract to Sam Goldwyn, but Universal bought part of his contract to star him in a series of South Sea and exotic roles. Among these was "All Baba and the Forty Thieves," with Maria Montez.

He has played in a number of cowboy roles, and enjoys making active films. His most recent Western is "The Return of the Vigilantes" for Universal.

Although Hall got his start in South Sea roles, he realised, like Dorothy Lamour, that strong parts cannot be continued indefinitely. He insisted on a straight dramatic role occasionally, and starred in "Invisible Agent" for Universal.

He also played a seaman role in "Sailor's Lady," and is interested in anything to do with the sea.

Jon has a boat-building business in Florida which keeps him busy, but he still finds the time for a full picture schedule.

After making love to Maria Montez in technicolor for Universal for several years, he has now moved to

PERFECT physique of actor Jon Hall is envy of many male stars. He is one of best sportsmen in Hollywood, does not employ a double for stunt work.

Columbia, where he is busy robbing the rich, aiding the poor, and duelling to the death with villains in true Robin Hood style.

Following in the footsteps of Douglas Fairbanks, sen., Errol Flynn, and Cornel Wilde, Jon has perhaps the best physical build of all for Robin Hood.

He dives, swims, duels, and does

much of his own work instead of employing a double for stunt work.

The Maid Marian in this version, English-born Patricia Morison, assumes the mantle previously worn by Olivia De Havilland and blonde Anita Louise.

Film Reviews

★★ CARNIVAL

COMPTON MACKENZIE'S delightful romance of Edwardian London comes to the screen in this Two Cities' film, with blonde Sally Gray and polished Michael Wilding playing the leading roles.

As the young country girl Jenny Pearl, who hopes to become a ballet dancer, Sally Gray is fresh and pleasing, and the Edwardian scenes in the famous Gatti's, where she is taken to dinner by the sculptor (Wilding), have been re-created accurately.

Jean Kent gives a promising performance as the country friend Irene, and old-timer Nancy Price will be welcomed for her role as Jenny's suspicious mother-in-law.

Production and background are excellent, and reflect credit on director Stanley Haynes, a newcomer to this field.—Esquire; showing.

★ THE DARK TOWER

WARNER BROS.' British studios are responsible for this brief little excursion into the macabre, with a circus as the background for hypnotism, peculiar goings on, and attempted murder.

Two new stars, Anne Crawford and David Farrar, are introduced, but their parts as trapeze artists caught up in the hypnotic tolls of one Torg (Herbert Lom) are hardly likely to add to their prestige. Script is poor, making the lines sound stilted in spite of the actors' efforts.

The tame ending, with the death

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

of the villain Torg at the hands of another circus member, falls very flat.—Tatler; showing.

★ BLIND SPOT

COLUMBIA have borrowed some of the trick camera effects used by Robert Montgomery in "Lady in the Lake" for this film, with tough guy Chester Morris cast as an author who finds the plot of his latest murder mystery repeated in real life.

It must be stated that comparison between the two films ends at the camera effects. Morris plays his part smoothly, and at times has the audience completely baffled as to his guilt, but the script and production do not support him sufficiently.

Constance Dowling is adequate as the girl of the piece.—Capitol; showing.



GLAMOROUS Merle Oberon relaxes at home with her two Afghans after making Universal's "Temptation" with Charles Korven, Paul Lukas, and George Brent. Her next film will be "Nightmare Alley."



CORNEL WILDE assists star Maureen O'Hara to cut a slice of birthday cake during her party on the set of Fox's technicolor film, "The Home Stretch." After the film is finished, the star will fly to Ireland to visit her parents.

British actor values laundry girl fans

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

THE secret of the dazzling white shirts worn around London by John Mills, star of "Great Expectations," is a quaint one.

A group of London girls selected him as their favorite film star and invited him to have tea with them during their afternoon break. John gladly went.

Reason was that his adoring hostesses were all laundry girls, on whose industry and devotion the cleanliness of London's shirts and blouses depends. Since then John Mills has never had any washing troubles.

HARASSED producer Sydney Box is beleaguered in his country mansion at Totteridge, Middlesex, where cameramen snoop through the drawing-rooms and extras prow around his garden.

It is all the result of his sister Betty's influence. Prodded by Box's undertakings, she persuaded him his huge white mansion with its gabled roof was ideal—and very economical—for certain scenes in her latest film, "When the Bough Breaks."

THE airlines are costing Pinewood Studios a large amount of money these days. Every time planes drone over Heath Row their sound ruins shooting and holds up production.

A BRITISH housewife wrote Paulette Goddard, sending her an invitation which was a challenge of its sort. She asked Paulette, who is here making "An Ideal Husband," if she would like to see how a British housewife earned the title of "wonderful."

Paulette accepted the invitation and accompanied Mrs. K. Arthur to her day's round—queuing, cooking, visiting the baby clinic—the whole works.

At the end an exhausted Paulette confessed, "We didn't realise how wonderful they were."

IN addition to her film earnings, star of "Caravan" Anne Crawford has been making handy pocket money racing greyhounds.

Two years ago an admiring greyhound owner gave her a dog which trainers begged her to race. She now has four dogs running for her and averages £20 in prize-money a month.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—June 7, 1946



ANITA LOUISE, blonde and poised, has been a film star most of her life. She began acting at the age of five, when she appeared in "Our Gang" comedies. Next film is opposite Australian Ron Randall in Columbia's "Bulldog Drummond at Bay."



JENNIFER JONES was just a stage-struck girl in New York six years ago, until selection for the Bernadette role brought her stardom and an Academy Award overnight. Under contract to Selznick, she will next be seen as the half-breed Pearl Chavez in "Duel in the Sun."

A smart trio

NOT so long ago visitors to Hollywood would be surprised to see dozens of young girls, all bearing a startling resemblance to established stars, haunting the studios and casting offices in the hope of being given a test.

The more popular a star was, the more she was copied, and studios helped in the process by continually trying to repeat the success of established film types.

But Hollywood has learnt its expensive lesson that the public are not content with cheap imitations of popular stars.

More stereotyped prettiness is not enough these days. To be a success, a star must have something new about her personality and appearance which makes her stand out from the rest.

Jennifer Jones is a good example of how an unknown girl can become a star overnight provided she appeals to the public, while Anita Louise and Marguerite Chapman have both got to the top by concentrating on those qualities of naturalness and originality which make a screen personality.

All three are different in appearance, personality, and style, and it is this very factor which has helped them to Hollywood success.



MARGUERITE CHAPMAN has had her eye on success since she began studying her appearance, clothes, and acting ability while still a junior at high school. Grooming and hard work have yielded results. Robert Young selected her as his leading lady for his Columbia film, "Three Were Thoroughbred."

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1 HOME, SWEET HOME has ironic ring for Betty (Colbert) when husband Bob (MacMurray) takes her to tumbledown chicken ranch he has bought in the mountains. Plumbing is antique, and roof springs leak the first night.



2 DAY BEGINS at 4 a.m. for chicken rancher's wife, and Betty has first introduction to the egg. She learns from enthusiastic Bob that care of chickens from hatching onwards will be left to her.



3 HILLBILLY NEIGHBOR Pa Kettle (Kilbride) is first of colorful characters who prevent life from becoming monotonous. He is followed by two unwashed Siwash Indians, and persistent rural peddler who makes Betty's life misery.



4 DESIGNING FEMALE Harriet Putnam (Allbritton), who has neighboring ranch, casts predatory eye on Bob. She has mechanised farm, and always drops in when Betty is looking her worst.

THE EGG AND I

UNIVERSAL'S adaptation of Betty MacDonald's best-seller, "The Egg and I," has given publicity men the opportunity for some of the craziest stunts in years.

Starring favorites Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, the film was advertised throughout America by contests for the most glamorous hen—the winner to receive a golden egg and free tickets to the first night of the film.

Similar contests have been arranged in conjunction with the Egg Marketing Board to mark the opening in Australia.

Film was adapted by Chester Erskine and Fred Finklehoffe, and supporting cast includes Marjorie Main as Ma Kettle, Percy Kilbride as Pa, Richard Long as their eldest boy, and Louise Allbritton as Harriet Putnam.



5 KETTLE FAMILY, Ma, Pa and 13 kids, add true backwoods touch. Ma (Main) is overjoyed with gift of new frock, first since her marriage.



6 QUARRELS start over wile of Harriet, who is divorcee. At local dance Betty sees them in garden, crowns Bob with her shoe from balcony above.



7 UNAWARE that Bob is negotiating to buy Harriet's modern farm, Betty thinks worst when he does not come home to dinner. Furious, she goes home to mother to await birth of baby.



8 REUNION takes place when Betty returns to find they now have ranch with all mod. cons. for raising chickens. Quarrels are forgotten and all is well.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 7, 1947

● For cold nights be snug in this long plaid flannel skirt cut full around the hemline, and made with a huge handy pocket on the hip. The close-fitting top is blue velveteen made like a sweater.

Wool and velveteen for winter week-ending



● A red leather belt is gold studded, with a detachable pouch. The green suede slipper is designed to look like footwear from Grimm's Fairy Tales.

● Grey corduroy slacks made on slimmer lines are topped with a lime sheer wool blouse with long full sleeves, high neck, and round collar. The dark green long sleeveless pullover could be in velveteen or hand-knitted.



● A deep blue blanket woolen makes this hip-length jacket with a round yoke, cutaway front, and flaring back (left). Skirt is of grey corduroy to match slacks, and has a red scarf draped round the waist to match the tasseled cap.

● A grey corduroy fitted and cutaway jacket, with a dipping flare at the back, matches the skirt and slacks and is the third item of this interchangeable trio. Here it is worn with a pair of very bright purple checked wool trousers (right).





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ILLUSTRATED are five of the fifty-odd designs in The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book for 1947.

This 64-page book for adults and children contains a superb collection of snug and lovely hand-knits to brighten the winter scene.

There are brilliantly designed sweaters, jumpers, and cardigans for the slim and not-so-slim; some for day wear, some for evening and special occasions wear.

There are enchanting designs for the very youngest, and all kinds of woollies for girls and boys up to ten years of age.

The Australian Women's Weekly book of knitteds can be had from our offices and all newsagents for 1/6.



COSY dressing-gown for small folk made in thick, fleecy wool. So quick and easy to make.

PERMANENT IMMUNITY FROM TETANUS

By MEDICO

JOE DELANEY's wife rang me to go out to the farm and see Joe. He'd run a garden fork through his foot while cleaning the cow-shed. "It's nothing, doctor," he protested, apologising for bringing me so far. "She shouldn't have bothered you. She's a fuss."

"I'm so afraid of him getting tetanus," said his wife. "It's a deep cut."

"That's always a danger on a farm," I told him. "I'll have to give you an injection of tetanus antitoxin."

"How long will that protect him?" asked Joe's wife. "Only for a few days," I said, filling my sterilised syringe from the vial of serum. "Long enough to overcome the chance of harm by any tetanus germs you might have got into the wound."

"Does that mean that I should get an injection of tetanus antitoxin every time I cut myself?" asked Joe.

"Well, you can have a permanent immunity from tetanus by having 'toxoid' injections. Two small doses six weeks apart, then a third or 'boosting' dose six months later.

"All Australian soldiers were immunised with this 'toxoid' during the war. As a result, tetanus was almost unknown."

"And I'll be permanently free from the risk of tetanus?"

"Yes. The old method of injecting anti-tetanic serum after the wound had been sustained was not always successful. Unless the injection was given within an hour of the injury there was an element of risk that the injection might not have been given in time to prevent tetanus germs doing damage. Also, after several injections, some people became sensitive to the serum and further injections were followed by reactions.

"This gash of yours, Joe, is pretty deep. Open cuts and skin grazes are usually safe from tetanus. But a deep wound, where the air can't penetrate, is dangerous, because the tetanus germs can bury themselves there and manufacture their poison. The tetanus germs cannot flourish in contact with air."

"Where might I pick up these tetanus germs?" asked Joe.

"Tetanus germs live in the intestines of sheep, cattle, and horses, and are present in manure. There is always the danger of tetanus on a farm."

"But won't the germs die in manure that's dried up on the ground?" asked Joe.

"The tetanus germ has a spore, or seed, in its body which makes it possible for it to lie low for a long time. It can come to life and do damage when it gets into a deep, airless wound," I said.



EVERY CHILD who is exposed to the danger of tetanus, Medico says, should be immunised. This applies particularly to country children.

"Do you think I should have the children immunised, too, doctor?" Mrs. Delaney asked. "They run about barefoot all the time."

"Yes," I said. "Every child who is exposed to the danger of tetanus should be immunised with toxoid. As immunity lasts for a lifetime, the earlier they are immunised the longer the benefit. Children should be immunised when they are two years old."

[All names in this article are fictitious.]

Miss PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

DON'T despair when the metal tip comes off your shoe. Just dip the end of the lace in some colorless nail-polish, give it a twist, and let it dry. This will stiffen it sufficiently to go through the hole.

SWEEP and dust to the rhythm of music; it cuts the work in half.

IF you live near a seashore, remember that fine silver sand blended with soft soap makes an excellent scouring mixture.

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dear, but you, as the very attractive
Mrs. Brown, occupation busy
housewife, will be there for all
holders to analyse for many
years to come.

On your wedding day be the lovely
girl you've dreamed about since
you were a little girl and went to
your first wedding all done up in
your Sunday-best frock and hair-
brush.

Perhaps yours will be a traditional
wedding, or maybe in the
modern manner; but assuredly
you will call for lots of careful
thought, clear-headed plan-
ning, and detailing.

So with your dream about
to come true, set up your own
plan for beauty just as
carefully, just as lov-
ingly.

For your wedding plan
personally performed
beauty routine or put
yourself entirely into the
hands of an efficient
salon. Either way,
be thorough. Just
having a hair-fix
isn't enough. Now,
as never before, you



● Second only in impor-
tance to how beautiful you
look as a bride is how
beautiful you continue to
look from your wedding
day forward

And now it's THE DAY; not a
time for flurry or frantic last-minute
rushes. Take your leisurely, warm
bath, delicately perfumed with bath
oil or bath salts. Spray yourself all
over with your favorite cologne.
Brush teeth to gleaming whiteness,
rinse the mouth with a fresh mouth-
wash.

Check over finger and toe nails,
give a final flick of the buff or
varnish brush. Relax for 15 minutes
with witch-hazel pads over the eye-
lids in your dim, quiet room.

After that, do your make-up, using
pretty, clear colors, light and meticu-
lous in application as done by the
experts, so that even after the re-
ception your skin will look radiant
and young.

Add to the nape of the neck, lobes
of the ears, and palms of the hands
a little perfume.

Gently draw over the head your
bridal dress. Take off the protecting
headband and arrange carefully your
headdress or hat.

And so to living happily ever after
in oldest storybook style, with the
realisation that the wedding must
be the beginning, not the end, of
romance.

At least that's how it should be,
though the signs are there that,
having "got her man," the young
bride all too often delivers a stun-
ning blow to romance by letting up
in her efforts to look as nearly like
the girl he courted as the home
scene allows.

It is not difficult to be a home
charmer without making a fetish of
it, though it takes time and pre-
arranging. Most worthwhile things
do.

Men hate to give up their illu-
sions, and are frank to say so. It's
perfectly simple. They learn to love
you because you are natural, prettily
feminine, alluring, and intelligent,
and presumably those are the things
they will continue to look for; so it's
up to you to aim for them with
singleness of purpose.

Of course, you must curl your
hair sometimes, cream your face
often, exercise sufficiently. The
result is important, but the methods
can be disillusioning; so don't high-
light them.

Certainly you didn't arrive on this
planet impeccably groomed, the
every-hair-in-place being he knows,
but the fact of the matter is, he
probably hasn't given it a thought,
and that, whether you realize it or
not, is the greatest compliment you
will ever know.

Just see to it that he never does;
it's one way of making sure that
flame is kept burning bright and
warm.

Follow with a warm tub, frothy
and sweet-smelling, a cool shower,
and a brisk towelling.

If you prefer beauty treatment by
an efficient salon, it will give you
all the relaxed pleasures that come
with professional perfectionism,
adept fingers, scientific knowledge.

Have a manicure, a pedicure, body
massage. Treat yourself, also, to a
facial, a photo-finish make-up, a
hair-do designed especially for
you, for the wedding day, for the
veil or hat which, craftily, you take
along to the salon with you to try
for effectiveness.

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by H.O. and broadcast by the 'A.B.C.'"
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'Tillie.' I received £4/15/6 for it."
"I have just received a cheque for
£6/12/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my
story, 'Old George.'"
"I received £3 for my first story,
'Two Kings,' and for 'Tilly Pulls
Through,' £20/4/-."

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real apperising flavour of
prime lean beef.

THE CONCENTRATED GOODNESS
OF PRIME LEAN BEEF

— that's **BOVRIL**



WHY BE SAD?

or why be ill?

With good health a long life fill.
Why have colds or coughs or 'flu?
I will whisper words to you.
Take the best known thing—the sure,
Certain Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.
Of life's nectar take your fill,
Dissipate that passing ill.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
For Coughs and Colds, never fails.

New Energy.... New Health THAT WINS ADMIRATION

Mineral concentrates in BIDOMAK
create new, rich, red blood cells,
build merry, run-down men and
women into fit, vigorous personali-
ties. Make this 14 days, no-risk test
and prove it for yourself.

Don't you envy those bright people
who are always popular and full of
vitality? If you feel you are slipping
in social life and at work, if
fatigue and listlessness, lack of con-
fidence and pep, are holding you
back, BIDOMAK is guaranteed to
build you up. New powerful energy,
new sparkling health, are within
your grasp.

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Your blood stream, as you know, is
one of your most important organs.
It brings nourishment and life-
giving oxygen to the tissues, con-
tains chemical substances vitally
essential to every organ, cell, nerve,
bone and tissue in your body.

A mineral deficiency in the blood is
a basic cause of many ills, includ-
ing that group of disorders which
we call "nerve troubles": weakness,
lassitude, jumpiness, irritability.

"Depressed feeling," brain fog, in-
ability to concentrate, some common
forms of headache and stomach
troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH

When you get enough of these
minerals, the results of mineral de-
ficiency disappear and you regain
health as a natural consequence.
The scientist who perfected BIDO-
MAK combined in it the glyco-
phosphates and phosphates of iron,
calcium, sodium, and potassium.
Then he added catalytic copper and
manganese salts in an approved
form. These additional minerals
speed up the activity of the others
and make them easier still to
assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and
brighter quickly. Aches and pains
leave you. You no longer feel de-
pressed and irritable. Sleep comes
naturally and you wake refreshed.

DOES A WORLD OF GOOD WHEN RUN DOWN

Wentworth Falls.
"I have taken BIDOMAK since you
first placed it on the market, when-
ever I have been run down, and it
has always done me a world of
good."
(Sgd.) (Miss) Elizabeth Callaghan.

NO RISK TEST

Try pleasant-to-
take BIDOMAK for
14 days—unless you
feel stronger, and
show a general all-
round improvement,
the trial is abso-
lutely free and your
money is refunded
on return of the
neatly empty bottle
to the Douglas Drug
Co., Ooulburn St.,
Sydney. Get guaran-
teed BIDOMAK to-
day.



THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING





THERE is much to be said in favor of good food combined with good fellowship.

But it's sometimes so lovely to have the good food without the fellowship.

For the one who lives alone eating out is fun occasionally—but not to be compared with the comfort and economy of eating at home.

The lone housekeeper can daily over meals to her heart's content. Above all, she can eat what she likes, when she likes.

Here are a few practical and helpful suggestions. Read them before you study the menus.

Save time and trouble by planning menus for three days at a time.

This advance planning reduces time spent in shopping—one expedition should yield supplies for three days—saves that last-minute dash to the nearest store, enables you to cope successfully with left-overs.

Keep an emergency shelf of canned foods—soups, vegetables, milk, fruit (when available).

Make full use of refrigerator or ice-chest—it makes it possible for left-overs to be kept, reconditioned, and served in completely new guise.

SAVORY EGG SCRAMBLE (in tomato case)

Two eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon fine white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons minced cold chicken or rabbit, 1 teaspoon finely minced shallot (or 1 teaspoon onion), 1 dessertspoon diced parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), 1 firm tomato.

Melt butter in small saucepan, add beaten eggs and milk, salt, pepper,

chicken or rabbit, shallot, and red pepper.

Stir with a wooden spoon over very low heat until thickened and set. Slice tomato into 4 sections without cutting right through. Pull sections slightly apart, fill with egg mixture. Serve with grilled bacon and browned potato slices.

GOLDEN GLOW SALAD

(Full of those so important vitamins)

Half orange, 1 tablespoon grated carrot, 1 tablespoon shredded cabbage, wedges of cheese, 1 tablespoon seeded raisins, 1 dessertspoon mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, 3 or 4 curls of celery.

Toss shredded cabbage lightly with

mayonnaise, season with salt and cayenne. Heap in centre of plate, arrange orange slices, carrot, cheese, and raisins round cabbage. Garnish with celery curls.

PINEAPPLE FLUFF

(Should set in little more than half an hour)

Quarter packet pineapple jelly, 1 cup hot water, 1 egg-white, 1 banana, lemon juice.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. When cool whisk in stiffly beaten egg-white. Continue beating until creamy. Chill until set. Serve with sliced banana drenched with lemon juice.

MENU 1 (See color photograph).

Savory egg scramble in tomato case
Bacon, browned potato slices
Golden glow salad
Hot fruit trifle
Coffee

MENU 2

Hamburger steak for one
Potatoes, peas, shredded cabbage
Stewed rhubarb, custard
Coffee

MENU 3

Sautéed liver patties
Creamed potatoes
Parsnip slices, chokoes
Passionfruit rhubarb shape
Coffee

A menu for each day of the week

MENU 4

Haricot lamb chops
Potatoes, Brussels sprouts
French beans
Biscuits and cheese
Fresh fruit
Coffee

HOT FRUIT TRIFLE

(Disposes of the last crumb of left-over cake)

One circle of sponge or butter cake, 2 tablespoons grated pineapple, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar, few drops of almond essence, blanched almonds.

Pile pineapple on to cake, top with meringue made by beating egg-white stiffly, gradually adding sugar and almond essence and beating until sugar dissolves. Place on small tin, bake in slow oven (325deg. F.) until cake is heated and meringue set and lightly browned. Decorate with split blanched almonds and serve hot.

MENU 5

Quick fish casserole
Baked tomato halves, potatoes, spinach
Orange cup custard
Coffee

MENU 6

Cheesed egg rarebit
Grilled tomato halves
Fresh fruit
Coffee

MENU 7

Devilled meat balls
Creamed potato
Diced carrot and peas
Pineapple fluff
Coffee

THE SECRET of eating alone and liking it lies in attractive serving. The dishes pictured here (see Menu 1 below) are appetizing, colorful, simple to prepare, and satisfying.

HAMBURGER STEAK FOR ONE (Prepare in the morning for cooking at night)

Half-pound sirloin steak, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, pinch of herbs, 1 small onion, 1 small potato, 1 tomato, 1 level dessertspoon fat, 1 level dessertspoon flour, 1 cup water or vegetable stock, salt, pepper.

Trim steak, pound well with rolling-pin. Rub over with herbs, trickle vinegar over, cover and stand all day in a cool place. At night melt fat in shallow pan, brown meat well on both sides. Remove, add sliced onion and potato to fat, brown lightly. Lift out, add flour and brown. Stir in liquid, salt and pepper. Replace meat, top with potato, onion, and sliced tomato. Place lid or enamel plate over pan, simmer very gently 25 to 30 minutes. Serve piping hot.

PASSIONFRUIT RHUBARB SHAPE

(Stewed rhubarb not eaten yesterday becomes interesting to-day)

Half cup stewed rhubarb (drained from syrup), 2 passionfruit, 1 cup cold custard, 1 heaped teaspoon gelatine softened in a little warm rhubarb syrup, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Whisk rhubarb and passionfruit pulp into custard. Fold in softened gelatine and orange rind. Fill into small wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould, serve with 2 or 3 small sweet biscuits.

Continued on page 43



Buy it for him...

TRY IT YOURSELF

VITALIS—the double purpose Hair Dressing.

FOR MEN WITH THINNING HAIR AND LOOSE DANDRUFF. Once a week soak the entire scalp with Vitalis. Rub in briskly and let it remain for a few minutes. Then wash and rinse thoroughly. When the hair is dry, massage the scalp with more Vitalis and work it in vigorously. Comb into place and brush firmly.

FOR WOMEN WITH DRY HAIR. Before each shampoo, massage the scalp with Vitalis and let it remain for several minutes. Then shampoo and rinse thoroughly. Before the hair is entirely dry, rub the scalp with just a little Vitalis and then dress the hair. Your hair will have a lovely gloss and you will never have to say: "I can't do a thing with my hair after a shampoo!"

VITALIS

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BAKING POWDER
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FIGHT ECZEMA THREE WAYS

DOAN'S OINTMENT goes to work in 3 ways by relieving the pain and itching, soothing inflamed skin and preventing and combating infection. For one reason DOAN'S OINTMENT is an excellent remedy for relieving pain and fighting infection in minor burns, cuts, sores, snafus, sunburn and chapping. If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, scratching only makes the condition worse. It increases the swelling, makes the itching return more severely, and can cause serious skin disorders. Play safe, keep DOAN'S OINTMENT in your medicine chest at all times—used successfully for over 40 years.

At your Chemist or Store for

DOAN'S OINTMENT

Your Dog
If your dog's coat is dull, thin or ragged—if his skin is warm and he is restless or loses his appetite, give him BARKO Condition Powders BARKO Condition is ALL CHERRY Powders.

fortuna cloth



BUTTERSCOTCH WHIRLS: Roll plain scone dough in oblong shape, spread with soft butter, sprinkle with brown sugar and grated lemon rind. Roll, cut into 1in. pieces, bake in greased patty-tins. Very nice.

Prizewinner . . .

Cauliflower Nut Pie

HERE'S a fine array of recipes from readers. Heading the list is cauliflower nut pie, which wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

Recipes from near and far come to us every week. This week's list includes one from South Africa—a recipe for a sweet little delicacy much praised, we believe, by Queen Elizabeth during her recent tour of that country.

CAULIFLOWER NUT PIE

One small cooked cauliflower, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon shortening, salt, 1lb. dry mashed potato, little milk.

Break cooked cauliflower into flowerets. Place in greased ovenware dish, cover with sauce combined with nuts and cheese. Rub shortening into sifted flour and salt, beat into mashed potatoes. Add sufficient milk to mix to a fairly firm dough. Roll to 1in. thickness, cover cauliflower in dish. Place in hot oven (400deg. F.), bake 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. S. Yates, 144 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

PRUNE AND PEANUT STUFFED STEAK

One and a half to 2 pounds top-side steak (cut in one piece), 1 cup stoned prunes, 1 cup shelled peanuts, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt and pepper, 1 egg.

Cut a pocket in the steak. Put prunes and peanuts through a mincer, combine with breadcrumbs, herbs, lemon rind, salt and pepper.

Moisten with beaten egg. Fill into pocket in steak, fasten with skewers or sew with coarse thread. Place in baking-dish with about 1in. of melted fat. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1½ to 1½ hours. Serve with baked vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Alleyne, 32 Espianade, Semaphore, S.A.

KOESISTERS

Half cup shortening, 2 cups flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg, about 1 cup milk.

Syrup: Two cups sugar, 1 cup water. Place in saucepan over low heat, stir until dissolved. Boil rapidly until it forms a soft ball when a little is dropped into cold water. Keep warm over boiling water until required.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening. Mix to a smooth, firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, roll to 1in. thickness. Cut into strips 3in. long by 1in. wide. Glaze ends and

sides of three pieces, plait together. Repeat until all pieces are used. Deep fry in fuming fat until golden brown. While still hot, plunge into syrup, taking care that each one is completely covered. Drain and cool on cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. N. Roberts, Box 552, Post Office, East London, C.P., South Africa.

GRAMMA LEMON CHEESE

Two pounds grammia, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. margarine or butter, juice of 4 lemons, grated rind of 3 lemons.

Peel grammia thinly, cut into pieces. Drop into boiling water, cook until soft. Drain well, mash to a pulp. Add all other ingredients, return to pan, boil 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Bottle while hot into clean jars. Seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. W. Beckenham, School Residence, Stroud, N.S.W.

DINING ALONE

Continued from page 42

DEVILED MEAT BALLS

(Prepare in the morning)

Three-quarters cup finely minced steak, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 green apple (grated), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 level teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon left-over gravy or tomato puree, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, salt and pepper, 1 level dessertspoon fat, 1 level dessertspoon flour, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon grated carrot and onion mixed.

Combine meat, breadcrumbs, apple, parsley, curry, gravy or tomato puree, pepper, salt, and minced onion. Shape into balls, using a little extra flour. Store in refrigerator until required. When ready for cooking, make a brown sauce. Melt fat, add flour and brown. Stir in water, vinegar, sauce, grated carrot and onion. Bring to boil, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Pour into ovenware dish, drop in meat balls, cover and cook gently in moderate oven, 375deg. F., 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot.

QUICK FISH CASSEROLE

(Satisfying fare for a meatless day)

One cup flaked cooked fish (or tinned fish), 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt and pepper, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter.

Arrange fish and breadcrumbs in alternate layers in a small, greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle each layer with salt, pepper, onion, lemon rind, and parsley.

Finish with a layer of breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Carefully pour milk down side of dish. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven, 375deg. F. Serve piping hot.



MY COLDS
DON'T
HANG ON!



A Rub at Bedtime Fights Colds
Both INSIDE and OUTSIDE—
Ends Colds Faster!

What a Difference it makes when you bring relief direct to nose, throat and chest all at the same time! VapoRub can do this because it works both *inside* and *outside*—

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Medicated Vapours released from VapoRub by the body warmth, and inhaled with every breath, help to clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, relieve coughing. Applied at bedtime, VapoRub works during sleep, and breaks up many a bad cold in one night.

FIGHTS COLDS OUTSIDE



Like a Poultice—Just rubbed on chest, throat and back, VapoRub goes to work on the skin, warming away the tightness and pain, "drawing out" congestion. And—

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Taste TOM PIPER Soup for yourself
and rightaway you'll know how TOM PIPER
scores in flavour, natural goodness,
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as they taste these extra-delicious soups.

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